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"Getting Into & Out of Boats"

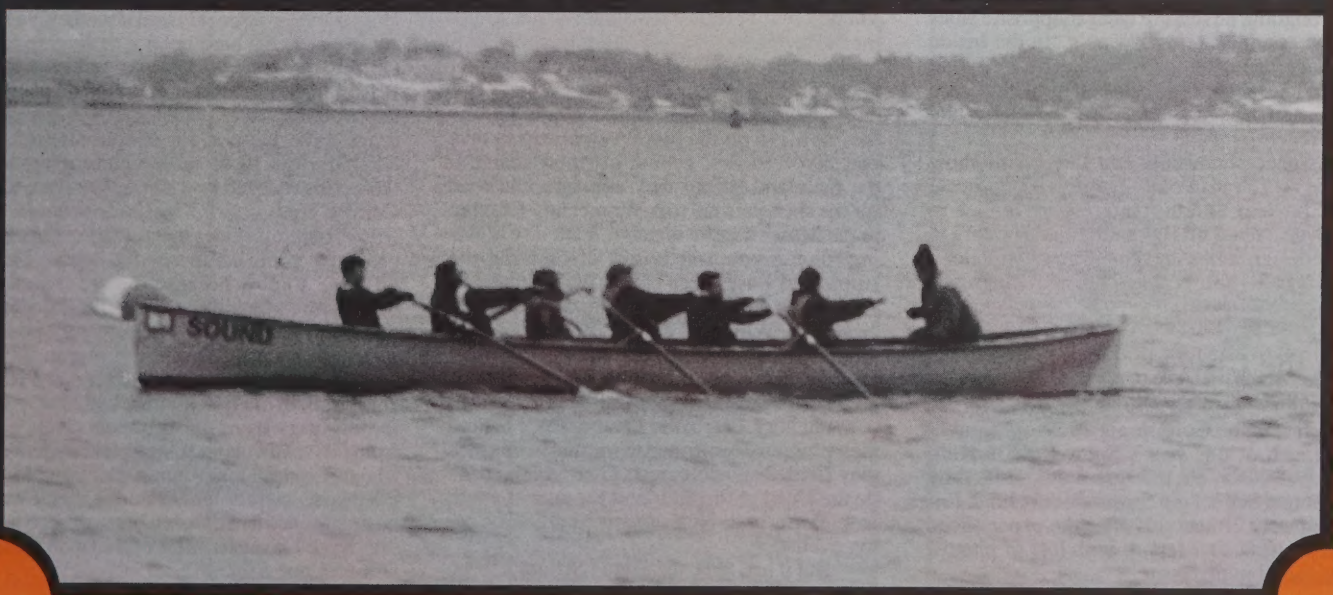
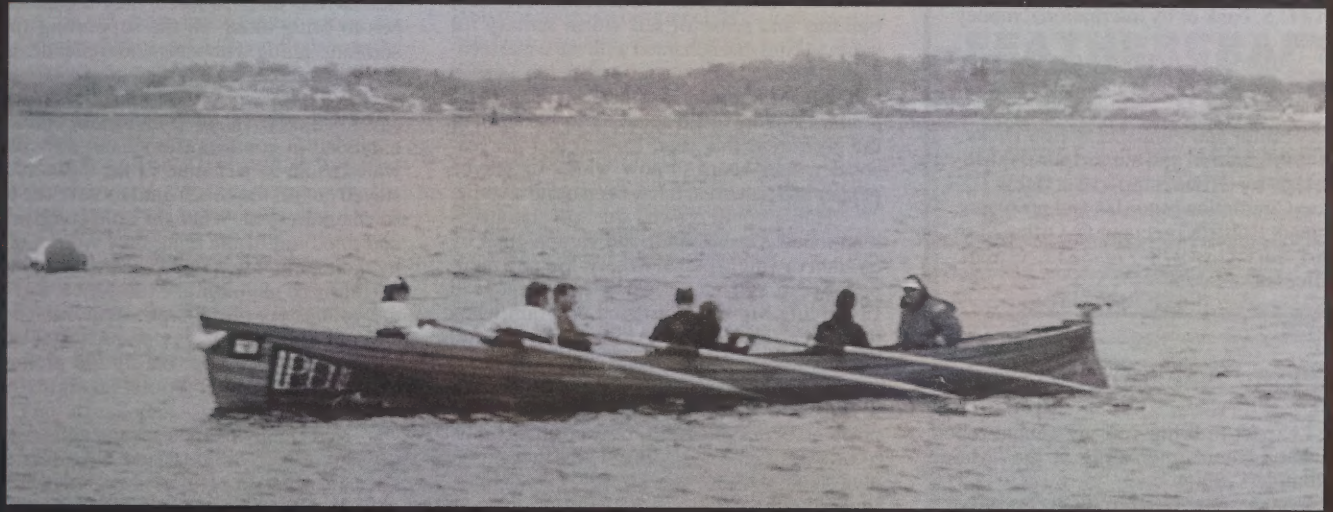
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# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 18 - Number 23

April 15, 2001



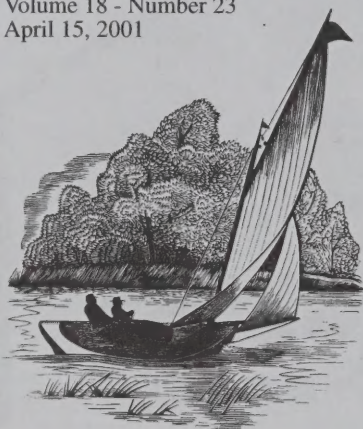
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# messing about in BOATS

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April 15, 2001



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## Looking Ahead...

I expect to bring you my annual report on what I found interesting at the "Maine Boatbuilders' Show".

In what space remains we'll continue the two ongoing adventure tales at opposite sides of the continent, Hugh Ware's "In the Inside Passage" and Reinhard Zollitsch's "Beyond the Maine Island Trail"; Jim Thayer has a cause to present to us in "Mayday"; and Robb White will regale us about "Cobio".

Space permitting, Jim Luton will show us his new "Sails Point Sharpie"; Mark Steele will present another interesting model in "Thistle"; and Phil Bolger & Friends return to their design series in "Shoalwater Daysailer".

## On the Cover...

It was the Cornish gig *Irene* out front at the finish of this year's Snow Row in Hull, Massachusetts, but the crowd was thrilled by the Sound School gig *Sound* close behind, finishing only 20 seconds after the experienced British crew. Our report, with lots of photos, is featured in this issue.

## Commentary...



Bob Hicks, Editor

Our annual re-awakening to boating action occurs in early March every year when we go to Hull, about a 50 mile drive through Boston to the Massachusetts south shore to take in the Snow Row. It's been going on since before we launched this magazine in 1983, and Ed McCabe, the driving force, is still very much driving it onward. A significant feature of this event is the display of how his vision of rowing multi-oared wooden boats as a team building and sense of self worth activity for youth in Hull disenchanted with the usual teenage life has endured and prospered, as the message has spread to others working with youth. Looking at Ed standing in the stern of the gig *Kittery* this year, I noted that his seasonal winter beard is now white, or maybe pepper and salt. Yes, it has been quite a while.

Hull's youth crewed gig was the aforementioned *Kittery*, built and campaigned by an adult rowing group in Kittery, Maine a number of years ago but ultimately sold to the Hull Lifesaving Museum's rowing program when the builder/crew could no longer muster a full complement to maintain and campaign her. A measure of Ed's success in encouraging youth rowing was that his Hull youth crew could place no better than third of four boats in the Youth Gig Class this year, with the remarkable Sound School crew (placing a resounding second overall) and the North Haven, Maine crew besting them. This is not to demean the Hull crew, but rather to show how far their inspiration has reached out to other youth programs.

The North Haven, Maine youth gig was the "new kid on the block", their trip to take part involved first getting off their island to the mainland before they could hit the road for the six hour road trip. We recently featured in the March 1 issue the New York city building/rowing youth activities of Floating the Apple and East River C.R.E.W. Floating the Apple was on hand at Hull with a coxed four New York Whitehall they had built in something of a rush. And when I spotted one of the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum gigs I figured here was yet another youth crew ready to row, but Nick Patch, the moving force behind their program, confirmed to me that in this race they fielded an adult crew. Their youth crews do the Head of the Weir and the annual youth Icebreaker, both Hull organized greater Boston events.

But it had to be the Sound School's surge

to the top this year that best illustrates just how well this concept is working, their gig *Sound* topping the youth gigs and placing an incredible second overall only 20 seconds behind the highly experienced British mixed crew over from Cornwall (this year with their own boat). Another Sound School boat, *Rainsford Island*, won the Youth Barge Class, and their coxed four *1st Constitution* topped that class. Sound School was there in force, they'd chartered a bus to bring along all the supporting troops and fans, along with vans and trailers hauling their three boats on a three hour road trip.

When *Sound* crossed the finish line so close behind *Irene*, their enormous entourage exploded in youthful frenzy, but they had to wait awhile to welcome in the crew as they stayed out off the beach until most of the other finishers were in. When they did come ashore and piled out of the boat, they were mobbed by their gang. I was impressed with this wonderful surge of youthful exuberance, and with the youngsters of the crew, with orange hair and nose rings, in baggy pants, Right out of today's youth culture, hardly the picture of regimented athletic youth in mainstream school sports.

Ken Donovan, their mentor and program director, coxed the boat and his rather salty skipper appearance was at some odds with that of his crew, but they sure worked well together. How'd they ever do it? Until now they've been also rans, trying hard but not getting up front. On this day they beat everyone else but the Brits, finishing ahead of six adult gigs, including two formidable Team Saquish entries. That must have been a firestorm of youthful adrenalin out there on Hingham Bay when those kids realized how close they were to the Cornish crew.

There must be other such youth rowing programs going on around the nation. I focus on these I know because they're here, but I would very much like to introduce readers to others making this sort of rowing sport for youth so inspiring an activity. Again locally, I'd sure like to see these youth gigs (and adult crews too) in the Blackburn Challenge in July, the big gigs have pretty much disappeared from this really major rowing challenge. Why? Maybe because it's summer vacation? Maybe it's the steep entry fees? I dunno, but it would be great to see a half dozen big six oared youth gigs have a go at 20 miles of the open Atlantic around Cape Ann.



Not long after you published my first article on this subject ("Small Boat Safety", February 15), I had a good bit of practical experience that could have been disaster, but turned out okay. I learned a good bit more about putting out fires with extinguishers that may be of value, even though this particular experience was not related to boats.

On Sunday, February 19, at about 1500 I was using my computer when it suddenly it went off, tried to reboot for a second or two, and then went black. Right then the nurse caring for my bedridden wife called to me that flames and smoke were visible through the kitchen window.

I stepped outside and found one of the electrical service entrance panels was arcing with loud reports, flames, and black smoke. I stepped inside and called 911 for the fire department. Back outside, I used a piece of pipe to lift the panel door open. There was arcing all over inside, flames, explosions, and black smoke.

Back in the kitchen I ran water into a bucket, but got only a quart or two because with power out my well pump was inoperative. I threw the water I did get on the fire. When I turned to my B-C extinguisher I found it wouldn't discharge. A neighbor brought over a 1A-10BC extinguisher that I used, creating a lot of fumes. Despite all this the fire was still burning. I then dragged my neighbor's garden hose over and drenched the fire. This finally put it out about five minutes before the fire department arrived. I was still playing the hose on the fire until they assured me it was out. At this point their truck was at the end of my driveway and they did not have a hose or extinguisher at the fire site.

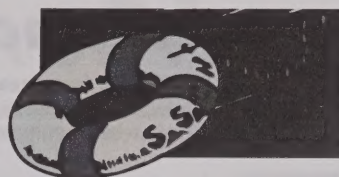
Lessons Learned: It was most fortunate we were there and awake. On her own, the best the nurse could have done would have been to call 911, lift my wife out of bed with hydraulic lift and put her in the wheelchair to wheel her outside. By the time the fire department arrived, the house itself would have been burning.

A-B-C (ammonium phosphate) extinguishers do emit a copious volumes of nox-

The electricians replacing the panel the next day were concerned about the shock hazard from my using water on the electric panel, but 240v is not dangerous in that respect, high line voltages are. The electrical risk I took was using the piece of pipe to lift the panel door. The box was grounded, but there were a lot of unusual events going on inside.

My B-C extinguisher was a very old one with a separate cartridge of CO<sub>2</sub>. When I took it apart, I found the cartridge had corroded through. Inadequate maintenance, my fault.

I bought two new B-C10 extinguishers



## Small Boat SAFETY

### Fire Extinguishers Part II

By Dave Carnell

ious fumes. It was bad outside even with a breeze. I certainly would not have wanted to discharge that extinguisher inside the house. I have used B-C (sodium bicarbonate) extinguishers in a heated room and there is no fume problem.

The best firefighting weapon for your house or shop is a permanently connected garden hose ready to use. It doesn't require additional plumbing; you can hook it to the drain valve of your hot water heater. The cold water coming into the water heater comes to the bottom of the tank and will bypass the hot water in the tank.

When I had my neighbor's A-B-C extinguisher refilled, the technician told me that the stainless steel gauges on the newer extinguishers stick and fail just as the older steel ones did. He did recommend turning the extinguishers end for end frequently to keep the powder flowing freely and checking the nozzle and hose to be sure no insects had plugged them with nests.

at Boaters' World. I was heartened to see that they had only a couple of A-B-C extinguishers and many B-C. The word must be getting out to avoid the A-B-C type. The new extinguishers cost \$15 and are guaranteed for six years. This experience has me thinking that I should check the gauges frequently, make sure the nozzles are clear, turn them end for end to make sure the powder is freeflowing and replace them after six years.

The cause of our fire was corrosion of the bus bars and the knife connections of the circuit breakers to the bus bars. This probably started back with the drenching of the boxes with salt spray during Hurricane Fran in 1996. The circuit breaker controlling my heat pump had given trouble on the day before. The heat pump would not come on even though the thermostat was calling for heat until I switched the breaker on and off and rocked it in the bus bar. There were two others in the box showing bad corrosion, and I had included three circuit breakers on Monday's shopping list. I almost didn't make it.

Often fire reports list electrical causes. I always figured these were worn extension cords, overloaded circuits, etc., but now I know it can be caused by problems in that part of an electric system that one assumes is completely dependable.

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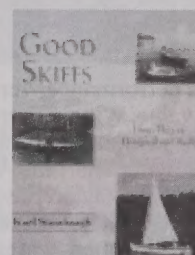
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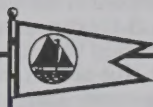
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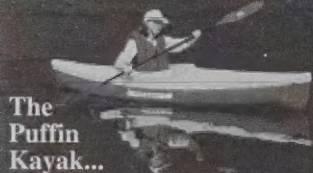
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## Newsletter notes from all over...

(In this issue from greater downtown San Diego, California)  
A compendium of selections from newsletters and magazines we receive which, we believe, illustrates what is going on out there in the world of small boats.



Newsletter of the San Diego Maritime Museum  
1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, CA 92101, (619) 234-9153, [www.sdmartime.com](http://www.sdmartime.com)

### It's Official...*Star of India* Is "Oldest Active Ship"

Thanks to the efforts of museum staff, *Star of India* has finally been recognized as the world's oldest active sailing ship. In the latest edition of the *Guinness Book of Records*, and on their website, the 1863 barque *Star of India* is listed officially as the oldest sea-going square-rigged sailing vessel.

Ten years ago the qualifiers which were used to describe *Star of India* didn't do her justice. Things like, "Oldest, iron-hulled British-built, merchant sailor, barque-rigged, sailing ship" seemed to distract from her importance in the overall historical scheme of things.

The *Maria Assumpta* was formerly listed as the world's oldest ship. She met an untimely end on a lee shore several years ago, bringing about a complete loss of ship, and many of her crew.

The Maritime Museum purposefully avoided courting the title of oldest active ship for many years, out of respect to those who lost their lives on *Maria Assumpta*. Not until

this year did the editors at Guinness do the math required to establish which of the hundreds of historic and active vessels had been around the longest.

The official copy reads: "Initially, the *Star of India* was a fully rigged ship called *Euterpe*, after the Greek Goddess of music. *Euterpe* was sold to the USA in 1898. In 1901, the Alaska Packers Association rigged her down to a barque and renamed her *Star of India*. By 1923, sailing ships were almost obsolete and when the *Star of India* was put into port, some San Diegans pulled together \$9,000 to buy her and take her to their home town in 1927.

For almost 30 years, she lay in wait for restoration, until Captain Alan Villiers intervened. In 1976, after being fully restored, the *Star of India* was put to sea for the first time in 50 years, under the command of Captain Carl Bowman. She is now considered a San Diego landmark, and has sailed 16 times (should read 19 times) since her restoration."





# SCUZBUMS NEWS

Newsletter of the Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society  
4048 Mt. Acadia Blvd., San Diego, CA 92111, (858) 569-5277, <ScuzBum@aol.com>

## Internet Fun Recommendations

By Kim Apel

Here's more proof, if you needed it, that despite the ongoing consolidation of mass media, the internet is a huge boon to small niche interest groups such as ours. There are zillions of websites serving the most obscure interest groups you can imagine. My wife, with no computer training, has established at no cost a website devoted to fans of a certain, little known actor, and it gets dozens of "hits" or visits a month, and she regularly receives appreciative email from website visitors. Small boat enthusiasts are a small and widely separated community, but more than big enough, apparently, to generate an impressive array of entertaining and informative websites. Following are just a couple.

Chuck Leinweber of Harper, Texas has established an on-line magazine called *Duckworks Magazine* at <http://www.duckworksmagazine.com/> It is subtitled, "written for and by those wacky homebuilt boat builders". It has no commercial purpose; apparently it's Chuck's labor of love. Readers submit stories and pictures of their boatbuilding projects, and Chuck posts them.

The website is organized into sections the way a magazine might be. The departments include how-to articles, columns, original amateur designs, design reviews, comics, project reports, messabout reports, and so on. Contributors are from all across North America and some from Europe and Australia. The contents change gradually, rather than turning over on a schedule, as in print media.

Also, try the amazing and hilarious illustrated account of the Seattle-area guy who built a 23.5' Bolger Light Schooner in a third floor apartment (no kidding) at <<http://cowlove.com/allison/>>. You gotta see this to believe it. Here are just a few snippets of his story:

"I cleared my living room and dining nook of all furniture, and in an intentionally irreversible step, made one \$600 stop each at the local lumberyard and at Sailrite. A delightful madness and passion swept over me, comparable only to the rush of holding up liquor stores or crack cocaine. Casually bragging to anyone who would listen that I was now skilled enough to build this boat in 30-40 hours of work, I dove in...

August '98: So far, the lumber is purchased & ripped, and the hull is half-formed in my apartment. Sail kits are ordered. In an incredible, fortunate turn of events, the downstairs neighbors have left.

February '99: Finally, spurred off my lazy ass by friends and growing shame, I returned to work, and of course, more importantly, post pictures of the miserably little work done in the last few months.

Boat Ejection: The morning after an awesome "I didn't get evicted" party, a bunch of

friends and family helped me remove *Allison Might* (the boat's name) from my apartment. A life moment, for sure. So were the subsequent weeks of window and apartment repairs."

Visit the website to see how he did it.

## In Scuzbum Workshops

Gordon Bundy acquired Richard and Vicki Channell's Bolger Cartopper, previously owned and built by John Meacham. Planning to keep the skiff permanently on the small pond next to his home, Gordon determined its sail rig would be decommissioned, and the boat would continue solely as a rowing craft. He removed the daggerboard trunk and some hardware, patched some screw holes, gave her a fresh coat of paint, and plans to tie her to the pier on Bundy Lake. She was on display at the February 24 Messabout, hosted by the Bundys.

Roger Nelson bought a derelict Mirror class dinghy at an auction for what seemed like a bargain price. The Mirror class is popular all over the world (though not around here) as a design for homebuilders. It was the first boat designed for plywood stitch and glue construction in 1962. When Roger started fixing it up he discovered rot and other problems, making him wonder if it really was a bargain after all (a common experience among Scuzbums, right?) Undeterred, Roger put her back in fine shape, sailed her for awhile, but then sold her.

He has since bought a used 26' Thunderbird class fixed-keel racer-cruiser, also a 1960s plywood design intended for home builders. Other than knowing that it was built in 1972, its history is unknown to Roger. He's sailing it and simultaneously working on minor repairs and upgrades. He reports that it's fast and more tender for its size than he expected. Roger has cruised to Catalina and is looking forward to more adventures.

Joe Millard has built the Tween pram, designed by Jim Michalak. It's a very simple 8', vee-bottom pram. As it was designed for a lateen rig, Mr. Michalak was consulted about the substitution of Joe's existing lug rig, borrowed from his previous pram project, a Jim Thayer Wee Punkin design.

The boat has Michalak's trademark pivoting leeboard and a kick-up rudder, making beaching a pleasure. Joe wanted a solid feel to the helm, so he glued and nailed the tiller to the rudder, a big mistake he later decided, but couldn't. He fixed that.

Joe says the boat is nicely balanced and sails where you aim it. One unusual feature to note is that Joe used orange shellac rather than varnish on the brightwork. Shellac is alcohol based and comes from an excretion of the lac bug. It's easy to use, and he figured it had to be better for the environment than a petrochemical like varnish.

Kim Apel accepted for repairs and refinishing a friend's beat-up fiberglass rowing shell. The deck had been badly fractured in six places. A former owner had clumsily attempted to repair the damage, but only made a mess of it. After laboriously removing the bad "repair" work, and aligning the broken parts, Kim fitted effective patches made with glass cloth and resin applied on the inside hull surface, mostly out of sight. Polyester boat putty (3M) was used to fair the visible side of the repaired areas, and to fill the numerous nicks and gouges in the hull. After obsessive sanding, single-part polyurethane paint (Pettit Easypoxy) was applied using the "roll-and tip" method. Penetrol paint additive was tried for its claim to level out brush marks, and it seemed to work. With more wet sanding between multiple thin coats, very nice results were finally accomplished, without spraying. A boat that once looked like it belonged in a landfill now looks like new (from three paces, anyway). The experience gained will next be applied to a facelift of Kim's own fiberglass shell.



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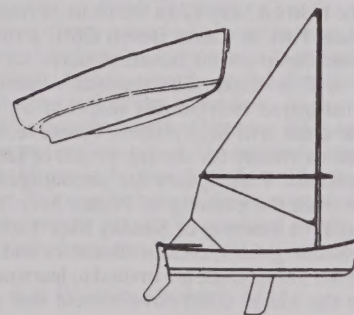
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## Activities & Events...

### Graveyard of the North Atlantic

On April 20 Bruce Bateman will give a lecture and slide presentation on "Sable Island: Graveyard of the North Atlantic" at the Essex Shipbuilding Museum in Essex, Massachusetts. Bruce, an accomplished pilot and diver, who has explored the island and its numerous shipwrecks, looks at the history and lure of this beautiful, treacherous island that has claimed more than 500 ships since 1800. The program will start at 7:30pm at the Essex Shipbuilding Museum's Waterline Center. Admission is \$6 and will be used to benefit the Museum. For further information call the Museum at (978) 768-7541 or e-mail us at <info@essexshipbuildingmuseum.com>

Maria Burnham, Essex MA

### Early Wooden Boat Show

The North Carolina Maritime Museum will host its annual (since 1975) Wooden Boat Show on May 5 on the Beaufort waterfront with working and pleasure craft displays, demonstrations and racing. Interested readers are invited to inquire for further details.

North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (252) 728-7317, [www.ah.dcr.state.nc.us/sections/maritime](http://www.ah.dcr.state.nc.us/sections/maritime)

### Maine Coast Seminar

A Maine Coast Seminar designed for professional guides and educators to gain a deeper understanding of Maine's coastal environment will be held on May 12 in the heart of Acadia National Park at Camp Beech Cliff, a rustic summer camp on 50 beautiful acres on the edge of Echo Lake. The seminar's intent is that informed individuals inspired by the Maine coast will help protect, conserve, and restore its vitality for the enjoyment of future generations. Participants are encouraged to come from the evening of Friday May 11th through the morning of Sunday May 13th.

Maine guides, coastal educators and users of the Maine coast are invited to learn more about the Maine coast environment that you can share with your clients, customers, students, and friends. Potential workshop topics include bird ecology, marine mammals, fisheries, Leave No Trace, celestial navigation, coastal geology, island ecology, human waste, weather, intertidal ecology, risk management. Cost: \$30 per person for two nights of camping and meals on Saturday.

The Headwaters Institute is providing the impetus for the Maine Coast Seminar and its older sibling, the Maine Guide Rendezvous on the Kennebec River. The Headwaters Institute organizes watershed education seminars for professional guides and their river/coastal communities throughout the United States. Learn more about Headwaters Institute at [www.headwatersinstitute.org](http://www.headwatersinstitute.org).

Contact the undersigned for more information.

Bob DeForrest, Cadillac Mtn Sports, (207) 288-8160 X20, <sootytern@hotmail.com> or Natalie Springuel, Maine Sea Grant, (207) 581-1441, <natalie.springuel@maine.edu>

### 13th Annual Moosehead Rowing Regatta

Our 13th Annual Moosehead Rowing Regatta, catering to all classes of rowing craft, takes place on Saturday June 9, over a 4.5 mile triangular open water course on Moosehead Lake in Greenville Junction, Maine. The event is sponsored by the Maine Rowing Association.

Unique prizes include floatplane rides, whitewater rafting trips, and steamship *Katahdin* rides to top finishers in each class. Interested readers are invited to inquire for further details and entry information.

Betsy Rockwell, Greenfield Junction, ME, (207) 695-2680.

## Information of Interest...

### Marblehead Dory & Schooner Museum

The Marblehead Dory & Schooner Museum, The home of the literature of the Banks fishermen, was established on December 30, 1996. For years many of us in Marblehead, Massachusetts, who were interested in our maritime history, would commiserate about the fact that Marblehead, which we felt had the greatest maritime heritage and history of any town anywhere, didn't have a maritime museum.

Just complaining this sorry state of affairs in Marblehead wasn't going to get anything accomplished, so I started to think that since I had what I thought was the largest collection of dory and fishery artifacts in town, and a fair sized nautical research library that focused on the Banks fishery, it fell to me to organize my collection into a maritime museum for Marblehead. After all, it was the fishing that built the town.

The Marblehead Dory & Schooner Museum is now well into its fifth year and has three important dories in its collection. Our first is a single or handlining Banks dory that was built in the early 1970s for the Gloucester fishing schooner, *Adventure* and used in the television remake of "Captains Courageous". She and her twin were the last two boats made by the famous Maine boat builder, Malcolm Brewer. Our second dory was donated to us in 1998 by the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum in Vergennes, Vermont. It is a double or trawl Banks dory made by the famous Allen Dory Shop in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia. Our third dory was purchased by the museum in July of last year. It is a 16' George L. Chaisson surf dory that served as the Devereux Beach Lifesaving Dory, here in Marblehead, in the 1940s.

In addition to the museum's extensive collection of dory fishing gear and artifacts,

books, paintings and photographs, we are most proud of our 18 years of work in the field of the Literature of the Banks Fishermen. At present, we are preparing for publication the definitive bibliography of the writings of James B. Connolly, the Boston writer who chronicled the Gloucester fishermen in his many books and short stories. In 1999, on the writer's birthday, October 28th, we formed the James B. Connolly Society to return to public awareness a nearly forgotten local writer who was considered, at the height of his popularity in the 1930s, to be the greatest modern writer of the sea in American literature.

This year we are collaborating with the Marblehead Historical Society to bring the museum's collection to the Society's Exhibition Gallery at 170 Washington Street in Marblehead for an exhibit entitled, "Dory Fishing in Old Marblehead". The exhibit runs from April 10th through November 2nd, 2001 and the hours are Tuesday through Saturday 10am to 4pm and Sunday 1 to 4pm. Admission is free.

The exhibit will present the story of the dory in the history of the town. From the shore fishery to the Banks fishery, the story will be told with authentic dory fishing gear and images and words of the fishermen. Featured in the exhibit will be a restored Banks dory of the type represented on the Marblehead Town Seal. Anyone interested in learning more about the Marblehead Dory & Schooner Museum and the exhibit, "Dory Fishing in Old Marblehead", is encouraged to call us.

Gary Kissal, Curator, 5 Bessom Street, #101, Marblehead, MA 01945, (781) 631-2567, <jmorgan@marblehead.com>

### Credit to Floating the Apple

We are most appreciative of your on-going support and inclusion of our events and stories, such as you did in the February 15 issue. Unfortunately, the young man who wrote that story about the *Kelvin Bowers* identified the builders of the boat by their individual names, but did not mention that they were Floating the Apple youth. This project was theirs and only described in our *East River Scoop* newsletter as a favorite boat of theirs. We owe a great deal to our partners at Floating the Apple and if you could identify them as the sponsors of that project it would be a rightful nod to those who deserve it.

Tori Gilbert, President, East River C.R.E.W., New York, NY

### Leo Country

The morning of Leo Telesmanick's memorial service in New Bedford, Massachusetts, sparkled with winter sunlight. Instead of returning straight back to Bass River I took the longest possible way along the coast from New Bedford to Mattapoisett, dipping into the coves and out onto necks. I drove slowly, poking, exploring dead ends, as if gunkholing in a curious Beetle cat.

On West Island, reached by causeway off the southern tip of Fairhaven, a Beetle hull sat in a yard, rightside-up on horses with spars lashed along the deck. There was no name on the transom of the open, hull; but the Concordia name-plate showed hull #1467. It



didn't look derelict, just abandoned, so I picked my way up to the nearest house, behind an old house-trailer, tree-house, plastic bikes and Chevy pickup. Through the storm door I could see a grizzled-bearded man seated in a huge armchair with the TV on, reading to a boy in his lap. I knocked and, after a bit he welcomed me in.

Bob Cahoon is a recently-retired finish carpenter and sometime boatwright. Seems that his car mechanic friend owned a beat-up Beetle. They made a loose deal: The friend maintained Bob's pickup and his ex-wife's Toyota; Bob restored the Beetle. He replaced the ribs from centerboard aft, refastened all the planks with bronze, installed a new stem, transom and skeg, some planking new deck canvas, new coaming and rub rails. That was '92 or '93 but it never went back into the water. It sat out there, in the yard by the driveway near the side street, ever since.

Must have started out looking like a perky new boat with light blue deck canvas, every year aging gradually like the rest of us. Bob knew Leo but hadn't heard of his death on Wednesday. He told me stories about Leo for a while with the TV still on, mainly places and events in Leo's life that they had shared since the 1950s. Maybe we started a friendship.

I already have a Beetle. Partly I took that route hugging the water to learn about sailing harbors along the shoreline; partly to see it as the Beetle brothers and Leo did when they designed and built hulls and rigs to sail in that kind of water. Either way, it ended up rewarding me vividly in ways too complex to anticipate. So did one of Leo's boats (named, at age 9, *First Luff*) every time I slipped the mooring's eyesplice off its deck cleat.

Allen Bagdon, *The Beetle Sheet*, Brewster, MA

#### About the Duke

In a letter about Duke Kahanamoku in the February 15 issue, the writer noted that it was only when he read the Duke's obituary that he discovered that he had been "a much revered amateur athlete and Olympic medalist". Actually the Duke was a two-time gold medalist, winning the 400m freestyle at Stockholm in 1912 and at Antwerp in 1920. If there had been a 1916 Olympics, no doubt he would have won three gold medals.

What particularly caught my eye in the letter, however, was the mention of the Duke's "young American wife". Since Hawaii was acquired as a U.S. territory in 1898 and Duke's Olympic wins were credited to the U.S., I think we can safely assume that the Duke was also an American. The letter writer should have described Mrs. Kahanamoku as a young "haole". In Hawaiian, "haole" used to mean "foreigner" but came to apply to anyone, particularly whites, not of native Hawaiian descent. From that it evolved to mean, to anyone living in the Islands, tourists visiting from the U.S. mainland. While the word is often used in a somewhat derogatory sense, in the case of Mrs. Kahanamoku we would infer only that she was a mainland American.

The foregoing linguistic expertise I picked up from ship visits to Hawaii starting during WWII and culminating in a three-year tour there on the CINCPACFLT Staff in the mid-'60s, all courtesy of the U.S. Navy.

Bob Awtrye, Fernandina Beach, FL

## Information Needed...

#### Sound Familiar Anyone?

Perhaps you have read a book I am looking for about an adventure at one time or can help me locate it. I don't remember the title but I remember some of the content.

A small group of young people outfitted a large sailing vessel with the intent to explore the Pacific region. The time period was the great depression and carrying on to the Japanese Rape of Nanking. One of the kids had a father who was highly placed in the federal government.

They were present when the Japanese overran Nanking, I don't recall how they ended up there. They were the first white people to view a lot of the stone statues on the Pacific Islands.

I came across this book in the St. Mary's County, Maryland library system about 15 years ago. I want to introduce this book to my grandchildren which is why I am inquiring and would appreciate help indentifying the title.

I am in the process of building Jim Michalak's Moby Dink. My plan is to post the building video in sections on <http://mims.com/maib>. When the boat is complete I will show my granddaughters using the boat, rowing and sailing and maybe catching a fish or two.

Don Duquet, (Address from Sub File), Mims, FL

## Opinions...

#### Getting There is More Than Half the Fun

A somewhat disturbing trend in powerboating over the last few years has been "destination at all costs", disturbing in the sense that boating is, at least in part, about the going rather than the getting there.

At John Jay Marine, we are focused on the joy of boating for boating's sake. We believe that more nautical pleasure can be derived from the look of a graceful sheer line or the steady hum of a small diesel motoring across a quiet harbor rather than from the thrill of blasting along at 30+ knots.

So, if you share our love of beautiful & unique power-driven boats and believe that "getting there is more than half the fun," call or write today to find out more about how John Jay Marine can help put you in a craft that you will truly be proud to own.

Jay Hotchkiss, President, John Jay Marine, 100 Commercial St., Suite 205, Portland, ME 04101, (207) 772-6951.

#### Individualists Unite & All That

The March 1 issue has a "call to organize" letter from Robert Perkins about boaters who go solo for two weeks or more. Sounds like a great idea, but getting go solo people together? Maybe it will be like the Procrastinators of the United States agreeing on a meeting time, a Convention of Hermits, or Career Planning Conference for Death Row Inmates. That said, it should be fun and maybe they will let you publish the minutes of their meeting.

Readers might be interested in another wonderful nautical story by Kenneth Grahame,

the author of *Wind in the Willows*. I stumbled on it looking for Maxfield Parrish illustrations. It is a book of short stories titled *Day Dreams*. One story is entitled "The Saga of Seas". I had never read it before. It is delightful. Our library keeps the book in the Juvenile Fiction section under Grahame. "The Reluctant Dragon" is the last story in the group and if you haven't read it recently, that is worth a trip to the library itself.

Sam Chapin, Maitland, FL

#### Displeasure With Tom

I would like to register my displeasure with Tom McGrath's description of New England churches in his supposed comical article in the January 1 issue. Yes everyone is entitled to their own ideas, but this crass comment about a denomination being an "illegitimate orphan of Christianity," and in general poking fun at us folks who feel that the bible is true in speaking about hell, was not called for, and really was out of context. He was discussing a boat owner who sold books in a closed church, not his friend's religious beliefs! It was in poor taste of him to write it for an "open" magazine, and in poor taste of you to print it. There are still some of us out here who believe that God is alive.

Thanks for listening.

Bill Haberer, Hobe Sound, FL

#### The Importance of Anchor Line

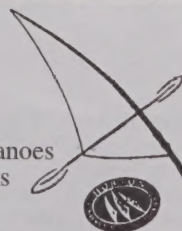
In the March 15 issue Tom Shaw discusses the importance of having an anchor and line aboard in his Small Boat Safety column. I'd like to add my own comments to his.

In all the boating safety literature I have read over 50 years, I have never encountered mention of the following point: Seamanship books tell us about "scope", the ratio of anchor line length to water depth, but they say nothing about wind. If one is boating on the east coast of New England, or on the west shore of a large inland lake, wind coming from the west will tend to blow a boat in an easterly direction, that is, usually in the direction of deep water and farther from shore. So it is wise to carry an extra length of line, say 100', stored in an accessible place. If one finds oneself being blown in the direction of ever-deepening water, this can be bent to the regular shallow water anchor line to give added scope and hopefully keep one from being blown out to sea.

Bob Whittier, Duxbury, MA

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# Snow Row 2001



When Snow Row organizer Ed McCabe came to the final award announcement before the assembled multitude in the Windmill Point Boathouse in Hull, Massachusetts, he sort of just eased out that the overall winner for the day was *Irene* crewed by "those folks from Cornwall". When he didn't follow up with the winning time, Cornwall coxwain Martin Langdon popped out with, "and what was the winning time?" Well, it was 33:18 for the Cornish gig and crew. Having just extolled the outstanding effort of the youth crew from Connecticut's Sound School in their gig *Sound*, Ed had obliquely referred to *Irene*'s time when he said that *Sound* had finished only 20 seconds behind *Irene* in 33:38.

These were the highlights of this year's Snow Row, the appearance again of a crew from Cornwall in the southwest of England to again win, this year in their own gig brought over for the event, and the coming of age of the Sound School youth crew, so often to date runners-up. Bolstering the upfront drama of the battle for the overall victory was the entry of multi-oared boats, seven adult gigs and four youth gigs, two adult coxed fours and two youth coxed fours, one whaleboat and one youth barge. The singles and doubles, shells and kayaks, were upstaged by this impressive congregation of big boats, and the fact that the top three overall finishers were the pilot gigs.

By Bob Hicks

Alden Ocean shells swept fourth, fifth and sixth. It was a good day for shells, relatively flat water in Hingham Bay.

About ten Brits came over this year, many returning from their appearance a year ago, invited by Team Saquish. They arranged to have *Irene* shipped over in a car boat full of Jaguars, picked her up at the New Jersey terminal, and we got to see a superb Cornish gig in action, not just its crew. *Irene* was crewed half women, half men, to even the odds some. And another half and half crew was in the gig *Mike Jenness, Sr.* half Cornish women, half local women rowers.

A new class, "Livery HOV" (named after the commuter lane of the nearby Boston Southeast Expressway) catered to boats with three person crews (there were doubles and fours, but no place for threes), and all three entrants were Irish currachs, the local South Boston regulars and two Albany Irish Rowing Club crews.

Well, we know who the fastest was, how about the final finisher? It was the Workboat Double *The Goose* crewed by the adult male Nortons, taking 63:36 to do the course. They edged out the father/daughter Corbetts Workboat Double's 61.57 for last place, only

finishers to get over the one hour barrier. Why the interest in last place in this racing game? Well, imagine being absolutely last out there rowing on alone, nobody behind you. Takes a special sort of determination to forge on I'd say.

Three single shells and one double shell, along with five sea kayaks, made something of comeback for these classes, pretty much absent the last few years. Each included a woman, Kinley Gregg in her shell placing fifth overall in 37:30. Kayaker Pam Browning soldiered on to finish in 53:41, and looked like she'd had a workout at the finish.

Nice to see more women turning out, those Cornish women set a pretty good example. I commented to Martin Langdon again about how the Cornish women crew were all physically small, the taller ones very slender. Where'd the muscle power come from, anyway, no Powerful Katrinkas in the lot? Martin allowed as how it was more about efficiency, how they knew how to apply the power they did develop.

The day after the Snow Row opened the New England small boating season on March 3, Mother Nature closed it right up again with our only major snowstorm of the winter, a two day nor'easter that dumped up to two feet of snow in our area. We return to the water maybe in early May at our local Essex River Race.

## Top Ten Finishers

Cornwall Adult Mixed Crew, Pilot Gig <i>Irene</i>	33:18
Sound School Youth Crew, Pilot Gig <i>Sound</i>	33:38
Team Saquish Adult Male Crew, Pilot Gig <i>Saquish</i>	34:42
Dimitrious Karamenlidis, Alden Shell	36:20
Kinley Gregg, Alden Shell	37:30
Craig Wolfe, Alden Shell	37:42
Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, Pilot Gig <i>Osprey</i>	37:47
Coyne, Coyne & Foley, Irish Currach	37:53
Paul Neil, Adirondack Guideboat <i>Linda Marie</i>	38:48
Munro & Martell, Alden Double <i>Obsession</i>	39:13

## Class Winners (In Order of Times)

Adult Gig: Cornwall <i>Irene</i>	33:18
Youth Gig: Sound School <i>Sound</i>	33:38
Shell Single: Dimitrious Karamenlidis, Alden	36:20
Livery HOV: Coyne, Coyne, Foley, Irish Currach	37:53
Livery Single: Paul Neil, Adirondack Guideboat	38:48
Shell Double: Munro & Martell, Alden	39:13
Livery Double: O'Reilly & Peters, Mocking Gull	41:00
Workboat Double: Hall & Hall, Gloucester Light Dory	41:04
Kayak Single: Lou Lasky, Unidentified Make	41:49
Youth Coxed Four: Sound School <i>1st Constitution</i>	43:44
Adult Coxed Four: Hull Lifesaving Museum <i>Sacred Cod</i>	45:52
Workboat Single: Adam Pettingill, Gloucester Lt. Dory	54:40
Whaleboat: Whaling City Rowing <i>Herman Melville</i>	55:03
Youth Barge: Sound School <i>Rainsford Island</i>	58:15



## Return From Cornwall & Victory Again

*Irene's* mixed adult crew sweeps home first. Their coxwain says its their efficiency, demonstrated right off with their getaway off the beach from the Lemans start.



## Sound School...Triumph at Last

The *Sound's* youth crew crosses the finish line a scant 20 seconds behind the overall winning adult Cornwall gig. Jubilation ran high when the crew disembarked on the beach.





## New & Welcome

*Recovery* came down from North Haven, Maine, a beautiful strip built Cornish gig, placing second in the Youth Gig Class. *Herman Melville* is a fiberglass Beetle whaleboat built by Edey & Duff for the New Bedford, Massachusetts, Whale City Rowing Club.



## Nice Lookers

Three shapely transoms on the beach, *We're Here* is a Jersey Skiff, #36 is the modified Whitehall *W.G. Tucker*, and the third ?



## The Tireless Team Saquish

The handiwork of team Saquish members, *W.G. Tucker* is a modified Whitehall built by Mike Jenness from design of 90 year old builder W.G. Tucker. Mike and his son rowed to third place in the Livery Double Class. *Mike Jenness Sr.* is the Cornish gig handiwork of Team Saquish, named for Mike's dad.





## Oh So Light

Solo Livery Class winner, and 9th fastest overall, Paul Neil demonstrates his Adirondack Guideboat's lightness, launching and retrieving.



## Two More Beauties

*Kevin Bowens* is a coxed four built by Floating the Apple for their New York harbor rowing activities. Teacher Don Betts says the main hull was put together in one week under a tight space available schedule. Craig Robinson's #17 wherry sure is a pretty traditional boat.



## Still Enthused

Hull's Ed McCabe has yet to weary of what he began so long ago, youth rowing, and winning if he can. He coxed a Hull youth crew in *Kittery* this year to third in class.



## Pioneering Gig

Who remembers *Liberte* and *Egalite* from way back in the Lance Lee Cornish gig dawn? Well, *Egalite* is in the Hull boathouse now awaiting refurbishing, she shows signs of use, lots of use, a lot of miles under her keel.





Our first shore excursion was a beaut! We steamed perhaps ten miles down Douglas Channel and anchored way up an inlet near Jesse Lake. This outlets over a short set of pretty rapids. Would the lake itself be as beautiful? There was just one way to find out.

The only possible landing spot was a rock outcropping at the foot of a bluff. We looked at each other with wonderment. None of us were young and arthritis was not unknown among us. Was this going to be typical of what we must do for two weeks? Up onto the ledge we must scramble from the rocking inflatable if we were to get to the lake, and scramble we did (except for one person who wisely opted to stay with the boat)! Then it was reach up for a root, find a toehold amid a web of other small roots in muddy soil and stone outcroppings, and haul oneself up, then repeat this routine over and over.

At the top, we met the rain forest for the first time. We set out, Mike in the lead and alert for any bears. It was a torturous path, between numerous trees and over humps and hollows, the thick moss underfoot making footing tricky. There were also fallen trees, over which we clambered somehow. But berries were plentiful and ripe and Dee knew which ones to pick. I lent her my hat for a bucket and she stayed behind as we struggled onward.

Well, the lake was merely a small lake, a mirror reflecting the dark trees crowding its shores, but nothing special, hidden as it was in the mid-afternoon shadows. We reversed course, picking up Dee with a fair batch of berries (minus what she had eaten) for muffins by Tim and somehow got safely down the bluff and into the boat. My white hat had berry stains but these washed out when the rains started later. Yes, it rained much of the time that first week. Which had its good points and bad, as you will see.

Next day, we moved a few miles farther down the Douglas Channel in a series of jumps. In the morning we explored a river mouth and became somewhat attuned to the British Columbian flora and fauna we would be looking at for the next two weeks. We saw

## In The Inside Passage

### Part 2

By Hugh Ware

a black bear, which didn't worry him much. The afternoon trip was different. It involved another landing but this time on a rocky beach of sorts, then another scramble along a rustic path. It was a cleared and definite path but, in spots, disturbingly similar to our rain-forest safari of the day before with scrambles up (or down) sharp, small bluffs. After a quarter-mile, we arrived at a small building set amidst trees and overlooking the water through the trees's boles. Black plastic pipes led into this shed, bringing a steady supply of hot water from somewhere up the hill to soaking tubs. Good-oh!

The females (dare I call them "girls"? ) disappeared inside, and giggling started. Finally, Mike and I were invited inside. Quickly, we changed into our swimming trunks and entered. Inside were two big hot tubs. One (low) was for washing oneself clean, the other (waist-high) was filled with grinning women luxuriating in hot water steaming in the cooler, moist air. We gladly joined them.

As we soaked, we studied a sign over our heads. It gave credit to companies, organizations, and individuals who had volunteered materials and labor to build this spa some thirty miles from Kitimat or anything else man-made. We were certainly appreciating their efforts. Realizing that it was inadvisable to stay in the hot water as long as we wished, Mike and I climbed out and outside modestly changed back into our clothes while the "girls" drained both tubs and scrubbed them clean for the next soakers. The tubs would refill soon enough. Tim had a great meal ready for our thoroughly relaxed party when we reached *Duen* again. Thus ended our second day.

This narrative will not continue with further day-by-day accountings of what we did and saw for such an account might become tedious for the reader. I do not have the writ-

ing skills of Nathaniel Bishop as demonstrated in his *Four Months in a Sneak-Box*. Also, trained as a technical writer, I am poorly skilled in using streams of vivid adjectives to describe high mountains and still waters, blue skies and greenery. Instead, descriptions of some episodes or my impressions of places we visited will serve to summarize the rest of our trip. Suffice it to state that we saw bears of two types, mountain goats, otters, many birds, whales of two kinds, and much, much gorgeous Nature.

#### First, Some Impressions:

Coves utterly empty of anything man-made but us. Glassy waters, darkened by the high mountains surrounding us on almost all sides. Trees so numerous they form a continuous, green earth-covering. Snow here and there near the higher peaks. Vistas ahead down a channel, the land sloping down on each side and wraiths of fog stretching low in the sky. Where does the channel lead?

Our utter isolation much of the time and the thrill yet dismay at seeing another vessel. The feeling of being crowded-in when, on Labour Day weekend, we anchored in a large cove with six other vessels and a seaplane, and later a helicopter that flew in with a clatter. Such evidences of civilization were surprisingly disturbing.

Our utter surprise upon entering a placid inlet and finding, tucked into corners of the cove, not one but two floating homes, one with a sizeable garden on a separate raft, a garage and car on yet another, and a third raft with fishing nets heaped high. Either home would be appropriate in any housing development once taken off its raft.

Searching for wildlife. The thrill of spotting river otters, quietly fishing and eating and as curious about us as we were of them. Or a bear, or a whale and, of course, a new bird to add to the list.

The tight little world of just *Duen*, world-traveller that she has been and may be again, our party, and the crew. Our utter dependence on Michael's and Tim's skills, experience, strengths, and coolness in possible calamity. The pleasure of being with Mike and Dee once again and the reminder of how capable they are too.

Curiosity about the others in the party; what they do when not cruising on *Duen*, their likes and dislikes. Explorations of their senses of humour and tailoring jokes and stories to fit.

Surprise near trip's end to realize that no one had uttered a cross word at any time.

Short interludes in an otherwise quiet night of snores, highly audible because of thin partitions that don't reach the overhead. Surprise at how little snoring there actually is but also amazement at the rhythms the few snorers produced. How can two snorers produce a three-beat rhythm?

The surprise when you discover that you have been wearing the same clothes for days and no one is objecting. Not even you.

Michael's appearance among us in the saloon on rainy days to show a magic trick or two. Why can't we duplicate what he did so facetly?

Looking through the ship's library and boning-up on local flora and fauna and finding a book or two that I must buy for us when the trip is over.

Trying to figure what day of the trip it is,

Black plastic pipes led into this shed, bringing a steady supply of hot water from somewhere up the hill to soaking tubs. Good-oh!





they do blend one unto another! The utter isolation, enjoyable yet somewhat scary because you are not used to it.

Pity for the rest of the human race, which is missing what you are experiencing.

### Rain and Drizzle:

*Duen* had an ingenious (but not yet perfect) rain awning. As the clouds darkened and a drizzle started that obviously would be with us for some days, Mike and Tim hastened to put this protection into play. Alongside the lowered gaff and the furled sail over the main cabin were tight rolls of fabric I hadn't noticed before. These were unrolled and magically became the awning. It covered the entire midships area of *Duen* out beyond the bulwarks, and its outer corners were stretched to shrouds fore and aft. Tucked in the roll were lengths of PVC pipe and these were extracted to form supporting ribs from the boom outwards. We were dry under this awning, even though we had to duck a bit to see out from under it.

As Michael stated, "It isn't perfect yet." But he was proud of his invention. "I have the only rain awning that is permanently stowed alongside a gaff. Looks pretty inconspicuous, doesn't it?" For the next several days, rain and drizzle came and went or just threatened. Until the sun re-appeared for a stay, we appreciated *Duen's* awning.

During this rainy stretch, foul-weather gear was a necessity when we went off in the Zodiac. This gear kept us warm and dry but I found the rain protection to be a nuisance, especially when I had to reach inside for a handkerchief to wipe raindrops off the camera's lens. Figuring out how to wiggle a hand past a tight lifejacket, through the front of a foul-weather jacket, up and over the bib of the rainpants, then into the heavy wool shirt underneath (yes, the weather tended to be coolish) and down into the the appropriate back pocket was difficult at best and impossible at times without unclasping the lifejacket, tearing open the heavy shirt, and diving deep. I missed some good shots because I couldn't get at my handkerchief in time. But all such inconveniences were negated by return to *Duen*, the stove's warmth, and Tim's hot meals.

### Petroglyphs:

Petroglyphs are not rare in British Columbia. We weren't sure but we think the Haisla tribal elders told Michael about a particular beach with many marked stones (I won't even hint where it is because some of its petroglyphs are small enough to be picked up and carried away in a one-man kayak). This particular part of British Columbia was new to Michael, so we anchored off a beach Michael thought was the right one, and he and Tim went ashore to explore. They soon came back with good news; it was the right beach and Michael took us ashore.

One may think of petroglyphs as being carved into a cave wall or on a vertical expanse of stone but this isn't always true. These petroglyphs were on beach stones, the largest perhaps the size and general shape of a man's body. Dozens of sea-rounded black rocks, each gleaming in the soft drizzle (a plus in this instance) that brought out its incised patterns to best advantage. Whales, fish, eyes, sunrise faces, and other figures. Some designs wrapped around a boulder in cunning use of



Entering one placid inlet we found, tucked into corners of the cove, not one but two floating homes.

*Duen* had an ingenious (but not yet perfect) rain awning. Here it is tucked up next to the gaff over the outside dining table behind Celia.



the opportunity to create a three-dimensional image. Amazing. Stirring. How old these petroglyphs are no one knows. A hundred or a thousand years? What did each petroglyph mean? What was its purpose? What difference would the answers really make? We accepted the petroglyphs for what they were, strange but beautiful and rather moving messages from the past.

When we had our fill of shooting photos, discovering yet another ornamented rock a few feet farther down the beach ("Here's a good one over here!"), and stumbling around on the slippery round stones underfoot, we assembled near the beached Zodiac. Sitting on a petroglyphed boulder, Michael read us the story of how the Raven stole the Light. As we listened to this First Nation equivalent of part of Christianity's Genesis, we became, in some small but moving way, as one with the original inhabitants of the land. But the story came to an end when the World had Light, and we had to to break the spell upon us and board the Zodiac. Reluctantly, I dropped a fist-sized chunk of jade I had found. It is there now, beside the rock Michael sat on as he read to us. We left, taking nothing with us except memo-

ries and exposed film.

### Hartley Bay:

As we approach this Indian village on Douglas Channel, we could see perhaps a dozen or twenty neat, conventional houses set along the shallow arc of a waterfront. A high stone breakwater hid most of the village and several sizeable fishing vessels. Trucks and a large backhoe were busy working late on a Saturday afternoon moving earth and rock for a ferry landing. Was all this First Nation money or government money at work? We moored at an elaborate float and pier for seaplanes. It led up to wide, raised boardwalk running along the waterfront, and we set off to explore.

Closer inspection revealed that some house yards had a surprising amount of discarded equipment, mostly old small boats and fishing gear. A small sawmill on the waterfront gave us the wonderfully strong incense of freshly cut cedar, a scent as heavy in the light rain as the perfume of roses in a moonlit garden. Three blackened spaces with upthrusting jags of junk showed where three houses had stood, fire is absolute ruler here in spite of a pathetic motor-driven pump in the grass





As we approach this Indian village at Hartley Bay on Douglas Channel, we could see perhaps a dozen or twenty neat, conventional houses set along the shallow arc of a waterfront.

just off the boardwalk and a hydrant or two. A small village store could offer us little except some candy bars, electric lanterns and batteries, and many soft drinks. The boardwalk turned inland and went deep into the forest past a fish hatchery. Trees (especially the giant cedars) were close without other greenery to hide their magnificent height and strength. It was a pleasure not to have to fight one's way through the rain forest but to make a simple stroll instead.

#### A River Estuary:

We went ashore on several river estuaries. This one will serve for them all although each was quite different. Our exemplar was a flat, grassy meadow set between rising evergreened hills, the stream winding through the grasses and fuller than usual with the runoff of the rains. The meadow was typically delta-shaped, wide at the sea's edge but narrowing until it disappeared into just the river fighting its way uphill over rocks and between trees that pressed close. No bears of any color or type could be spotted. Many bald eagles, first visible as white dots in the tops of trees, watched us, and most swooped from their perches into cautionary flight when we got too close.

Let me insert here a short diatribe: Two things can be said about the bald eagle. First, unlike their status in many American states, there is no shortage of eagles along this coast. Dee reported that she counted thirty without moving her binoculars. Second, the cry of an eagle is puny and pitiful, almost a squeak, and quite unfitting for what many call "that noble bird". Noble bird indeed! Eagles eat fish, and often steal them by intimidating those wonderful, admirable fish-catchers, the ospreys. I agree with Ben Franklin that the American Turkey should have been our national bird, equally majestic as the eagle in its own way, lacking a false fierceness, and darn-good eating. But I must admit that our eagles were stirring sights as they flew overhead with that fierce eye, hooked bill, and outspread wings with strong pinions sharply defined against the sky.

Eyes working in all directions, we

Zodiac'd slowly up the river until stopped by a fallen tree. Salmon were in the water, perhaps because it had been raining and the rivers were at flood, perhaps simply because it was their time to go upstream to spawn and die. Some had already died and their flaccid bodies were caught on underwater obstructions or slowly drifted downstream in the depths of the river. Schools of live salmon were waiting for the next high tide, which would facilitate their running the gauntlet of bears and other animals in gene-driven attempts to swim upstream to breed. Schools darted past our boat in swerving corps de ballet movements, a panicky group precaution to be somewhere else even if it meant passing below us in the Zodiac. Tannin-rich water made them into slim, dark torpedoes completely lacking their silver glory when out of water. Peculiarly enough for fish of the same age, these salmon seemed to come in perhaps three size groups. Some were almost a yard long, but many ran closer to twenty inches. I didn't ask what kind of salmon these were but believe they were coho.

Climbing out of the boat, we spread out to slowly walk across the grassy meadow. I was taken back some fifty-odd years ago to

the days of my infantry training for combat patrols. It was nice to be on flat, open land since mountains bother me; subconsciously I fear that perhaps they will fall upon me. The trees were safely several hundred feet away on three sides. Someone spotted a patch of raw earth, perhaps a square foot of uprooted turf. A bear had dug up rice roots (a lily plant whose roots resemble a bundle of rice) for his salad course. Bears can be vegetarians of the first magnitude; in the spring, for instance, their first food are estuary sedges that are twenty per cent protein.

Soon, we came upon the bear's fish course, a salmon caught and partly eaten. The bear had feasted on the roe and liver and a salmon fillet or two. Left behind for scavenging birds, animals, insects, and microbes were the head, backbone, tail and a bit more; the dead salmon would contribute to the entire food chain. Mike and Michael took slide photos of the salmon rack for future lectures about wildlife tours, and we headed back to the *Duen*. The bears may have come out once we ceased intruding or perhaps they were simply dozing somewhere, waiting for high tide.

(To Be Continued)

We came upon a bear's fish course, a salmon caught and partly eaten. Michael Harris (left) and Mike Pigneguy photograph the remains as Jo looks on.







Bay of Fundy coastline.

But the real Bay of Fundy trip was only beginning. I had read that low at Reversing Falls occurs 3:50 hours after low in the ocean. That meant that the tide was already almost two thirds in, and I would have to buck a flood tide for my first target, Lorneville, 12 miles down the coast, no easy task for the first day on the Bay.

It did not take long for me to realize I was back on the ocean. The water was heaving and surging, always moving. And then there always seems to be wind, and infallibly on the nose (SSW, 20+ knots). I was in for a slug-fest before I knew it. I ducked under the St. John to Digby, Nova Scotia ferry dock and hugged the breakwater out to Partridge Island. At that point, tide and wind ganged up on me, and I had a hard time making it around the island. I quickly shifted into my old marathon racing mode and dug in as hard as I could, because if I didn't, I would not go anywhere.

Ever so slowly I bounced, slammed and squirreled around the point, then got out of the strong tidal flow as fast as possible and back to shore on the other side of the breakwater. Tide and wind were in my face as I slugged along shore, just far enough out to avoid the shore break. At Duck Cove I was sorely tempted to pull out on a nice sandy beach, but I had not yet reached my goal for the day.

At Sheldon Point it was *deja vu*, into the wind and against the tide, no fun. A sudden brief moment of brilliant sun made the hard paddle almost palatable, but minutes later I was again engulfed in thick fog and never really saw Saint's Rest Beach and Taylor's Island. As long as the roaring surf was on my right, I thought, I was okay.

Seeley Point across from Lorneville was the last test for today. The fog had lifted as fast as it had come, but the wind was streaming straight at me. My bow went under on every second wave, I got wet, and only with determined energy did I make it around the point. It was only about a mile from Lorneville as the crow flies, but that was totally out of the question for me. I had to go way into the next bay before I could contemplate crossing over. Even at that, I was taxed to the max and wondered what I was doing out there. I switched into the no-mistake mode and steadily and confidently ferried across the bay and then up to the breakwater of Lorneville.

Elation at getting to my goal for today, even though it was only twelve miles, was mixed with the disappointment of not finding any take-out, no beach, ramp or shore to step out on. Reluctantly I went further into the

## Beyond the Maine Island Trail

### Part 2 Riding the Fundy Bay Ebb Tide Express

By Reinhard Zollitsch

Lorneville harbor bay, which my charts told me would run dry completely at low tide. For how long, was the question. How long would the tide hold me hostage here if I pulled out now?

I realized I did not have much of a choice. It was time to come in. The tide was up, and therefore it was easy to take out. So I quickly figured it should be high at about 4:30am tomorrow morning. I could get up and be out of here before the tide ran out. I can do that. I was determined to catch the "Fundy Ebb Tide Express" back towards Maine, come tomorrow morning. No more bucking the tide. Paddling against a prevailing SW wind was bad enough.

Coffee tasted good that afternoon, and Dinty Moore did himself proud serving dinner that night. A brief swim, trip log, some reading, then packing for an early start tomorrow. At sundown the entire night was dry, as a matter of fact, it was dry as far as I could see, the ocean had vanished. Time to go to bed and not worry about tomorrow's departure.

4am Atlantic time felt like the middle of the night. The stars were still out, so was a sliver of a moon. Orion was tipped to the right in the southern sky. It was still too dark to be out on the ocean, I thought. I had heard the tide come in, rushing watery over the mud flats, rolling stones on the beach as it marched relentlessly forward. A fisherman's dinghy nearby was suddenly grinding over the pebbly beach, then floated free, but not too long later, I heard it grind out again. The tide was already turning, and it was only 4:30am.

I got up suddenly with a real sense of urgency, packed my last gear, carried the boat down to the water, stowed and secured the packs, jumped in and paddled into deeper water and out of the night. It was 5am by now and I had made it out. Breakfast will be a granola bar and water after sunrise, I decided.

The waning moon cast some light on the water, but not enough for me to see my chart. I had memorized the first six miles and had a rough time frame in mind also. It was eerie, lonely, but at the same time magical. At 6:33 the sun finally peeked over the eastern horizon and made everything much friendlier, even though the shoreline of the first five miles looked very foreboding: Steep cliffs of gray slaty granite, interrupted only once by a huge power plant in Coleson Cove.

Split Rock was the next formidable point to round. The chart shows major tide rips. For a big boater that means stay way out, for me in my tiny 17 footer, hug the shore as close as I dare, just outside of the backwash, and hop from eddy to eddy. Don't get swept up by the fast current, which will instantly develop standing waves, which with any opposing wind will give me major problems. A decisive hard paddle got me around that point and several others and across Musquash Harbor. It was dead low by now and the usually submerged ledges loomed tall and black out of the water, extending their toothy arms way out into the bay.

Soon I was bucking the incoming tide as I rounded the last few points into Dipper Harbor. It is totally hidden behind big ledges and would be easy to miss, if it weren't for the huge granite breakwater. Behind it was a significant dock with two floating dinghy docks and about twenty lobster boats. From my perspective the boat ramp at almost low aimed right into the sky. I opted to unload my gear at the ramp, but leave my boat on the floating dock, to save me two major portages.

I found a small spot of grass off to one side and was, as usual, hardly noticed. A quick call home to let folks know my whereabouts and a real bowl of fish chowder at the harbor restaurant made my day.

Only 16 miles today, 4:40 hours, no breakfast, no break, a very spartan day. The tides and the lay of the land had again decided my distance and time. I had to catch the ebb tide out of Fundy Bay and stop about one hour after low and definitely before the next point, which happens to be the infamous Lepreau Point, the baddest point between St. John and Maine. The ledge points in Maces Bay seem to have an equally bad reputation according to the Canadian Sailing Directions for the Bay of Fundy.

I would need an early start again tomorrow, and no headwinds, please. The goal for that day would be Beaver Harbor, the last harbor before the entrance to Passamaquoddy Bay, which brings a completely new set of tidal





Coming into Beaver Harbor, New Brunswick.



Beaver Harbor Lighthouse Cove.

Beaver Harbor overnight (note salmon pens).



rules to our equation. Tomorrow looked like a very challenging day, to say the least.

It was Saturday, August 19, 2000, the seventh day of my trip. I was on the water at 5:11 am, no moon or stars out, a gentle drizzle, but almost calm. What a gift for a small boater. But the absolute dark was eerie. What was I doing out there? I had to cheer myself up by singing an old Viking song I learned in Germany, about making a passage in the dark of night in a big sea: "Nacht der schwarzen Wogen..." I had barely gotten used to my surroundings, and the second verse of my song, when the first fast current off Fishing Point grabbed me just 30' offshore and tossed me about. That was my wake-up call and snapped me out of my early morning grogginess.

I was then headed down to the bright lights of the nuclear power plant at Lepreau Point. I hugged the shore and felt like Dirk Pitt in the many Clive Cussler books, either protecting or penetrating a nuclear power station or secret military installation. And I wondered whether I would show up on their radar or whether guards were patrolling the premises and already had me in sight with their night vision goggles. Should I worry about that? Naah! No interceptor boat came rushing towards me, no megaphone blasted warnings. Only a friendly looking candy cane lighthouse greeted me at the point (two red stripes on a white lighthouse).

I made it into Maces Bay much more nicely than anticipated and never allowed the famous Point Rip to catch ahold of me. Maces Bay was a problem of a different kind. It has several long bars, extending up to 1.7 miles into the bay towards the SW. They were distinctly coming out when I got there, but I still hoped to make it across the first one, right in the middle. It would save me a lot of time, not to mention anxiety of being out there all alone in the dark.

Thousands of Eiders squawked and scampered around these toothy reefs. It sounded like waves breaking on a shallow beach when they took off. I found just enough water to scoot across and set a course for the Salkeld Islands, otherwise known as The Brothers, two big 80' tall chunks of granite, flat-topped and grass-covered, with very steep sides, extremely elemental and glacial looking.

I pressed on to reach shore again, which was Barnaby Head. I had gone 10 miles so far, and the tide was still ebbing. I felt I could afford a brief 10 minute break for breakfast and map reading. But I was itching to go on again and get to Beaver Harbor before the tide turned and made going so much harder.

It turned at 9am which left me 1:45 hours against the incoming tide around East Point and many other exposed ledge points into the harbor. I had whittled the 25 mile distance down to 22 by shortcutting bars and some bays, and made it into port after 5:33 hours with only one brief 10 minute stop, which gets me back to my usual speed of 4 miles/hour or 15 minutes for each mile. It was only 10:44am, but I was done for the day. What luxury, having the whole afternoon to myself.

I first arrived at the town dock where a mackerel tournament was in progress, right off the tall pier. I phoned, talked to people, but since there was no place for me to camp out for the night, I headed out again towards the small crescent beach just inside the lighthouse. It was perfectly protected from the ocean



swells, and the sea wall high on the beach was just wide and level enough for my little tent. Wild roses and sturdy thistles flanked my tent on either side.

Swimming in the cold water at high tide is a routine for me, just to remind me how cold it is if I should fall in, or better, to make sure I do not go swimming off the boat, i.e. dump. Then coffee, reading, studying rocks, plants and birds and watching the salmon jump in their netted enclosures in the outer harbor. When the sun finally came out that afternoon, life felt good, also because I was getting closer to known territory, Passamaquoddy Bay, my goal for tomorrow.

I had to plan everything right again, or I would not be able to pull it off. So here is what I figured that afternoon. One: I had to get into Passamaquoddy Bay, staying outside of all the islands, even though a shorter route, is just asking for trouble; I knew better. So I had to make it to the Letite Narrows, the eastern entrance, at dead low and flush into the bay with the first of the flood tide and get out of Passamaquoddy Bay the next day at Lubec with the end of the ebb tide. Both narrows have very strong tidal flows, 5-8 knots, and are real doozies.

Two: I did not necessarily want to go around the entire bay, but would prefer to hug the NW shore of Deer Island instead, and then hop across the 1.3 mile wide Western Passage to Perry, Maine, USA. I figured I had to leave at 6:30am the next morning to get to Greens Point/Letite Passage at 9am (low tide) and hope to catch a manageable tide across Western Passage to Perry; if not, I would hole up on the island.

It was Sunday, the night was calm and quiet till 4am, when suddenly the fog horn started blasting me off the sea-wall. FOG? Who needs that on a stretch like today which needed perfect planning and perfect execution. I tried to stay calm and pretended the fog and the horn were not there. I was so successful at that, that I even missed my alarm. Breakfast got scrapped again. Instead I packed my gear, got in the boat, and clung to the few positive aspects of my situation: it was light, there was very light wind, no rain and I could still see shore.

I made it fine to Deadman's Harbor, but had to steer a compass course across the bight and then feel my way along shore to the lighthouse at the entrance to Black, Letang and Bliss Harbors. At that point the fog bank mercifully shifted so I could make out my intricate course through Bliss Harbor to White Head and the lighthouse at Green's Point, the entrance to Letite Passage. I was right on time, 9am sharp, but the tide was still running out hard. Big bays often have delayed tides as in St. John, but that was okay by me. This gave me time to crunch down two granola bars.

Ten minutes later I felt itchy again and set out to ferry across the still very strong ebb flow and went due west to Mohawk Island, then between MacMaster and Pendleton out Little Letite Passage into Passamaquoddy Bay. A hard paddle, but it felt great being in the big bay with the sun coming out. Who would have thought it this morning! From there it was six miles straight down the NW shore of Deer Island, past lots of salmon pens to Calder's Head, and then a surprisingly easy 1.3 mile hitch across Western Passage to the boat ramp at Perry, Maine.

(To Be Continued)



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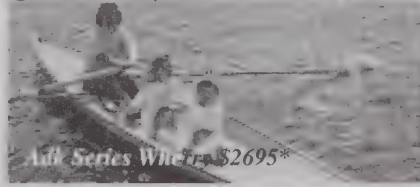


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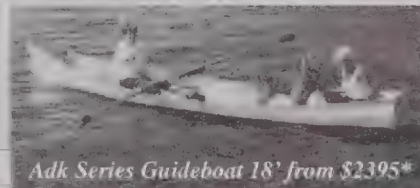
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My father was an enthusiastic photographer, both still and cinematic.... no holds barred. When he died, his widow sent me a box of old movies. In there was a movie of scenes he had edited together of people getting into and out of boats.

It was pretty good too. I could blackmail some of my aunts with some of the footage, made me wish I had had the old Bolex hanging around my neck all my life like he did. Inexperienced people who have become overly aware of their dignity do some comical things trying to get into or out of a boat. One of the best examples on film is that scene where Katherine Hepburn is trying to get back into the *African Queen* after her little dip. She said, "Mr. Allnut.... Mr. Allnut... MR. ALLNUT!!!!

I have an eighteen month old granddaughter who is experienced enough not to be too aware of her dignity. Our grandchildren love to play in the skiffs and little sailboats while they are anchored in that six inches of water outside of our house. They stay out there almost all day long transporting sand and shells and creatures. They are all very adept at getting in and out, even the babies.... until this latest one came along. She inherited the "runt gene" that lurks in the background of my family. Though she is almost two years old, she only weighs seventeen pounds.

It is not ill-health or anything that makes these runts. My runt aunt (not even five feet tall) is over eighty and still hell on her little wheels. My runt great-grandmother, though crazier than a dingbat (another gene, but beyond the scope of this study) lived to be over a hundred. A side effect of the runt gene is a determination to be left alone in all endeavors.

The other children out there scramble repeatedly over the side, often carrying sandy things in both hands, with no hesitation in the progress but this little baby can't even reach the rail. The others tried to help her but she squawked so loud that they gave up on that and left her to her struggling. I was watching with the knobblers one morning when I was fortunate enough to see the first success. She discovered the outboard motor tilted up on the transom.

At first she grabbed it by the foot and tried, Katherine Hepburn-like, to dangle and stick her feet up, first one and then another in a futile attempt to catch the top of the transom and lever herself into the boat but she couldn't do it. She stood back there for a long time. At first, I thought she was crying from frustration but she was actually thinking. Finally she took off her diaper, grabbed the foot of the engine, hooked her toes in the stern handle, flipped her other leg across the top of the transom and was standing, triumphant, in the stern naked as a jaybird except for her hat before I could say Jack Robinson. From then on, she showed the others the best way to put sand in a boat.

Another baby incident happened at the Naples, Florida city dock. Late one summer, on our way back from Andros, my wife and I had gone up in there in the skiff to get some beloved ice and a can of beer to take back to the boat. It must have been on a weekend day because it was very crowded and I had to put my wife off and wait out in the river because there was no room. While I was waiting (where was my Bolex) I saw a nice looking young couple trying to get off the dock into a small

## Getting Into And Out Of Boats

By Robb White

runabout with a baby about as old as the one in the first story (though considerably bigger and heavier).

The man got in the boat first and reached up to take the baby from the woman who was still high up on the dock. As she leaned over and he leaned out, somehow they managed to do the old natural thing and get overbalanced and push the boat away from the dock. First the man's feet came out from under him and he fell, head first into the water, then the woman in a reflex, to keep her balance, stepped off the edge of the dock and plummeted straight down about six feet with the baby.

It must have been twelve feet deep right there because the only thing visible on the surface of the water for a long, long time were the waves of the impact and the baby... bobbing calmly in her PFD. Before her parents managed to save themselves (I thought I heard a couple of loud thumps from somewhere under the boat) she had straightened out her hat. I know it is bad to make light of a potential tragedy like that but me, popeyed, in my skiff and about twenty retired Yankees running around on the dock were getting ready to get poised to do something.

In my father's movie, there seems to be a pervasive theme where all these women appear to be overly conscious of what the unusual stress on their bathing suits might let slip as they get into the boat. In most cases, the boat is anchored off the beach at our old house. Getting into or out of a boat in a situation like that, though less dangerous than dockside capers, is much more difficult. There is a good sized segment of the population that, through inexperience, incompetence, out-of-shape problems or some combination of those, just can't do it.

The repetitive attempts of self-conscious ladies trying to get into the boat with their friends who are waiting to embark is sort of pitiful. For some reason, they all think that maybe the side of the boat is lower in another place, or maybe all the way to the stern or the bow (that anchor rope looks sort of handy) so they spend a lot of time sidling around sort of like a dog who is getting ready to lie down or a blue crab who is sizing up a worthy opponent.

Young gallants in the boat are always reaching to help and sometimes, a willing hand is attempting a well placed push from below. In most cases, a strong pull from above causes some unacceptable movement of the cloth and the help is frantically, sometimes violently, refused. The helpful push from below is never met with much gratitude. I was involved with one of those situations for a long time once.

I had a girlfriend who had not learned about boats. Another couple and us decided to go to this little lake to do a little water skiing. The only one of us who hadn't already learned to ski was this girl but the glamour and contemporary popularity of the thing was so attractive to her that she insisted on trying over and over and over again to get going. Her failures were not only due to plain, natural in-

competence but also to an innate stubbornness. She steadfastly refused to pay attention to our expert suggestions and kept on doing the same thing.

She would get up to the planing position, pull back on the rope and when the inevitable slack came, fall over backwards.... time after time after time. All of the rest of us were about ready to drown the damned girl when finally she managed to stay up long enough to get out to the middle of the lake before she fell. Out there, it was too deep for a nonexpert skier to get back up so she decided to get back in the boat. From years of experience with others of her kind, I knew that she couldn't do that either and tried to get her to hang onto the rope and let me tow her back to shore. She thought that sort of treatment was beneath her dignity so she spent half an hour going around and around the boat trying to find an easy place. It was past lunchtime so we all tried our best to help but she refused all attempts most adamantly.

I found out why. This was back in the days when women were following the fad where they somehow manipulated their breasts into conical shapes. My investigations revealed that most of the bathing suits of the day had a funnel shaped insert made of some material like heavy, fused monofilament nylon which accomplished this shaping... so did the evening gowns of that era. Often, there was a significant gap between the shapely outer shell of the garment and the actual flesh of the girl (my father said that you could drop a wet basketball down the front of some of those things) and such was the case here. Unbeknownst to this girl, her repeated attempts to lunge over the side of the boat had inverted these two heavily reinforced protruberences and revealed that there could not possibly be anything inside. A fact that was proven shortly when the other boy got disgusted with the whole project and, throwing the girl's dignity to the winds, hauled her over the side by both arms.

I hope you remember that wonderful photograph on the back page of *Life* magazine back in the fifties.... the one where the three nuns are involved with the flat bottomed skiff. In the picture, one of the nuns is already out and has obviously just given a good hard jerk on the bow because the stern nun has just hit the water after falling backwards over the transom. The nun still sitting on the middle seat... the one with the wide eyes and the delighted grin, obviously has no business being involved with any solemn order.

My sister did the same thing to an octogenarian. She decided that this old man would appreciate a day-trip out to Dog Island to see the sights. I don't know what she told him, but judging from the whiteness of his knuckles, he did not expect a rough, wet skiffboat ride across the bay. When we got there, it was high tide and I laid her alongside the beach to make it easy for this gentleman to get out. As usual, my sister grabbed the anchor and scrambled out like a squirrel. No point to any detail on this one. She snatched the boat right out from under this old dude. He couldn't have hit the water any better if he had been canonized. He is ninety five now and still hasn't forgiven her.

So as not to appear too sexist in this, I'll have to include the incident of this old high school buddy. He turned out to be one of these big wheeler-dealers who worked hard and made a bunch of money to buy things that he



didn't have time to use. He was infatuated with the idea of scuba diving and, though he didn't have time to do it but about once a year, he had all the latest gear. When his annual day off came, he always chose me to be his buddy and go with him to watch him scuba dive. We would go out to the reef in his high tech boat and I would swim around with my snorkel and look up in little holes at all the little faces and feelers while he adjusted his gear.

Snorkeling is one of my favorite things to do and I quickly become so fascinated with all the discoveries I make that I am oblivious to everything else. It is a wonder that a shark hasn't swallowed me whole by now from not paying attention. Anyway, this time, I discovered that, by holding onto the rocks with my hands and paddling hard with my flippers, I could wash the sand out of little holes in the limestone bottom and reveal the worms and burrowing shrimp that were trying to dig back in. The current was so strong that the sand that I stirred up was quickly swept downstream and that left these creatures in plain view.

When I finally became aware of my surroundings again (could have been hours) I discovered that old "high-tech" had also been washed downstream with the current but unlike the little animals, he was not in plain view. To make a long story short, after I had searched downstream for miles to find him, he couldn't get back in the boat with all that crap strapped on him and was so weak that he couldn't hold it up high enough for me to grab from over the high sides of his monster boat. I had to get in the water and undress him, then get back in the boat and haul his exhausted ass over the side. He was absolutely furious all this time and I know that it was frustrating to him that he didn't have the strength to take it out on me.

My own wife was deeply involved in an incident in which she earned a bottle of champagne. We had come to the island in our old surplus 26' U.S. Navy Motor Whaleboat late one winter afternoon. Though the onshore norther was blowing to beat the band, she adroitly caught the mooring and made us up while I gingerly got into the skiff we were towing. While she was passing the groceries and junk down to me, somehow she missed stays and "ploop", over the stern she went. Fortunately, I was able to catch the box of cans she was trying to hand me but in doing so, I lost hold of the whaleboat and, before I could get the oars shipped, I had been swept far off downwind in the skiff.

Though it was rough, the water was cold and she scrambled over the slick, high, pitching stern of that whaleboat like it had handles and rungs. When we finally rowed in, there were our neighbors standing on the beach in front of our house with a little bottle of champagne. "We were watching that whole amazing incident through the binoculars," said Charlie, "and it was such good entertainment we thought we would bring you this bottle of champagne to help you celebrate. You know, Jane, you were back in that boat so quick I am surprised to see that you are wet. Why, I'm not so sure I could have done it any better myself," he said patronizingly.

"Me neither," she snapped, looking him up and down before striding to the house with the bottle of champagne clutched by the neck.

In another startling incident (and I'll force myself to stop after this one) my son and his new bride (now the mother of countless un-

ruly ruffians) were sailing in company with us to the south Bahamas. My wife and I had gotten to Boca Grande to anchor up for the night way ahead of them. The best anchorage there is not the little harbour called Pelican Cove, but an unnamed, dangerous little hole just inside the seaside bar of Caya Costa. It was still bright daylight when my wife and I got there and careful eyeballing and poking with the boat pole let us ease our old sailboat in over the bar without incident, but my son was not so lucky.

When he got there, it was just about dark, and hard to see the little cuts in the bar so he missed and ran hard aground on the sand. I went out there in the skiff to try to help him get off (which, I'll give you this advice.. if you don't like misery and humiliation, don't mess with boats that are too big be pushed off by hand). It looked like the best way to work it would be to pull him over into the lagoon downwind. I hooked up my towing bridle to straddle the outboard on the stern and made up about a hundred feet of polypropylene (I don't like to tow with nylon anchor lines... too stretchy and apt to get in the propeller) and started trying to wiggle him over the bar. He set the mainsail and as I worked the bow back and forth to dig a ditch with the keel, he ma-

nipulated the sheet so the mainsail would give a little heel to the deal.

It was working good. We were making about six inches to the tack. Finally we could see that he was over well enough for the boat to stand up straight and he decided to anchor right where he was so as not to risk any of the rocks in the cove in the dark. As he was wading around out on the bar setting his anchors (all of us always set two anchors in the Bahamian fashion) his wife, in her white nightgown, came topside to see what was up. Just as she stood up in the cockpit, the bow swung with the current and the mainsail jibed hard over.


I heard the home-run sound of the aluminum boom as it popped her in the head and saw the pale doll-like body pitch end over end over the side. She didn't stand back up either and I knew that it was serious. When I got close enough, I could see her on her hands and knees in the shallow water, head down like she was hurt real bad. My son was wading as fast as he could through the current to help her. We got there at the same time. Turned out she wasn't hurt at all but was just feeling for her glasses, which she found. That was the first evidence of what a hard head she has... a fact that has become more and more apparent as the years have gone by.

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## Introduction

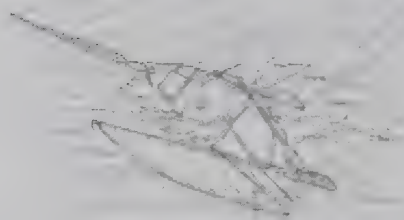
This is Part 4 of a series of articles which began in the March 1 issue which will be an interactive study of a small boat adventure, an analysis of events described in Chapter 12 of Stephen Ladd's book *Three Years in a 12' Boat*. Each article will include a question or questions for interested readers to consider answers. Suggested answers will be included in the following articles.

The purpose of this series is to look at the problems facing people who go off adventuring in small boats. Stephen's boat was self-designed and self-built. Was it designed correctly for the conditions it might face? That question is the focus of this study; to look at not only Stephen's boat but also design aspects of all boats used for such adventures.

Safety of the boat and its crew must be the very first thing any small boat designer must consider when he designs a boat.

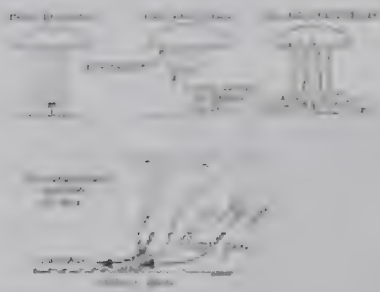
## Thunderstorm

Stephen's *Squeak* was going over, no matter what. It could have been a much larger boat. For it too would have gone over. Gale winds blew *Squeak* over!



All the clues were in the story, the start of the rain at that time of day. The wind veering to the north. The fact that Stephen had turned in at 9 and at 11, only two hours later, he was upside down. That tells us there wasn't enough time for waves large enough to build up to turn *Squeak* over. The fact that as he surfaced into a blinding thunderstorm tells us that it was gale force winds that knocked the tiny boat down. A gale force wind strong enough to roll him completely around, through 360 degrees.

Lets look at the nature of a thunderstorm.



In the top row you see a normal rain. The rain clouds become heavy with water and soon you have falling rain. In the correct conditions the evaporation falling at the base of the cloud cools the air below it. That cold air descends, the colder the air the faster the air moves downward. Then you have rain with gusty winds.

## Capsize, a Study of an Adventure

By Don Elliott

Thunderstorms are a different matter. Usually they last only an hour or so. Yet in that time they can produce hurricane forces when they strike.

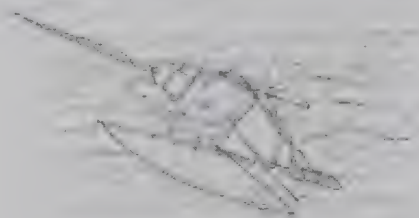
Stephen, being close to land, made his chances of being exposed to a thunderstorm more likely. They are not too common at sea but near land they are. They build and drift off the land onto the coastal water. The eastern seaboard of America has the right conditions to produce such storms. But where Stephen was, was ideal...the tropics.

Thunderstorms usually arrive at the end of the day. At dusk, just as they did for Stephen. He was a sitting duck. The only unfortunate thing was he didn't know it.

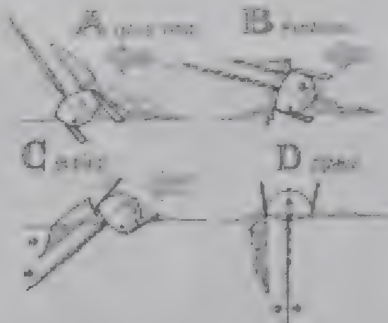
There was no preventing him from going over. The most that can be done is to help him survive the knockdown. How, readers,

## Gale Winds

A strong wind rushes along the surface of the water. Its target, Stephen's boat *Squeak*. Its tremendous force drives a wall of water ahead of its energy. There can be no escape for *Squeak*. Without warning the violent winds of the gale arrive at *Squeak*. The wind and waves strike the small boat driving it over.



Could *Squeak* stand up to this force. It could not have. Let's look at what that impact does to *Squeak*. The wind hits the spars and mizzen sail, driving the boat to the leeward. The weight on the spar and the pressure on the mizzen sail levers the boat over. It pivots *Squeak* about its center of buoyancy (the black dot in Detail A) and knocks *Squeak* flat.

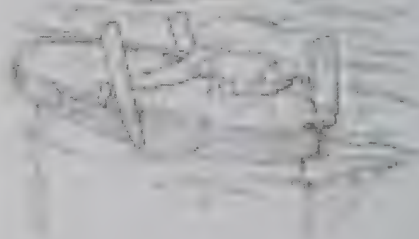


In detail B, *Squeak* now is now under full rotation from the force of the blow.

Notice in Detail B that the deck edge and the leeboard riser on the leeward are digging into the water, providing a solid pivot point.

Detail C shows that the spars and mizzen have now dug into the water. Some have suggested that if Stephen had stayed lying down the boat may have righted it self. The suggestion is he would act like a form of ballast. Look now at Detail D, it holds the answer.

Detail D shows the boat now upside down. Stephen observed that after he had ejected himself from the boat that it was stable in this condition. He could keep the boat in that position while lying on the upturned hull by slight balancing movements. Remember the boat was flooded. The reason for this is the spars are in the water acting like keels. He also stated that he was able to right *Squeak* from this condition.



Detail D shows what would happen if Stephen had stayed lying on the floor. He would have simply fallen to the ceiling. Let's say he had been strapped to the floor. What would have happened in that case is his legs upper body would have just dangled down (unless he was strapped down like in a stretcher). In that condition he'd end up just hanging from the ceiling, waiting in hope that the boat might lean a little to tip it upright. It looks like he might be waiting a very long time.

The questions are: Would a drogue help prevent a capsize? Would being strapped to the floor, possibly in some way have helped? If so, in what way? What would have been Stephen's best move if he had awakened trapped inside the upside down hull?

## The Right Decision

Would a drogue prevented Stephen's capsize? Before retiring would have it been a good idea to set a drogue?

Would being strapped to the floor, possibly in some way have helped Stephen? If so in what way?

What would have been Stephen's best move if he had awakened trapped inside the upside down hull?

These were the questions in the last article on Stephen Ladd's capsize. These answers are important. We'll see why.

If you're not familiar with the operation of a drogue, see the following sketch.

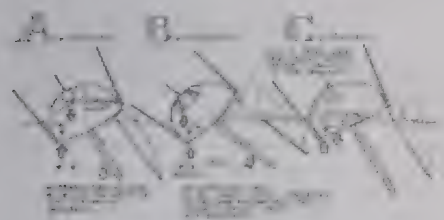




The idea of using a drogue in a storm would be to hold the boat's bow to the wind and waves, making a rollover from beam seas unlikely.

Would a drogue have prevented Stephens capsizing? The answer is no. Thunderstorms' winds vary in speed and direction. It can be totally calm sea and the next instant a blinding gale from any direction.

We now find Stephen's *Squeak* upside down. He is trapped inside the tiny hull. Let's look at the idea of Stephen's weight acting as a form of ballast by strapping himself to the bottom of *Squeak*.



Detail A shows that in order to right *Squeak*, Stephen's weight would have to somehow be to the left of the center of buoyancy to provide a lever to right the boat.

Detail B shows Stephen strapped to the hull. As drawn, his weight is now on the other side or the center of buoyancy. It's drawn at quite an angle of heel to get it there (unlikely). If we do some basic calculations we can see that his weight is not enough to lever against the spars and mizzen sail.

Remember, violent thunderstorms may last only a few minutes to an hour then returning to a total calm. For Stephen this would mean he would not have any assistance from wind and wave to get the boat back over.

Detail C shows more what is likely to happen. He simply falls from the bottom to the ceiling as it's unlikely he would want to be strapped down in the first place.

He's trapped inside the upside down boat. He must do something fast. What he could try is to rock the boat sideways, shifting his weight as he does in hopes of overturning *Squeak*. It might work but may not. Stephen has to overcome the buoyancy of the hull and in addition, the weight hanging under the boat. Doubtful at best.

Attempts to right the boat from within the hull look doubtful. So, what is his best move in this circumstance? One reader got the answer right. He advised Stephen, "To get out to where he could breathe, and possibly do something useful."

Questions: What would be useful for Stephen to do? And how would he go about it? What should be the first thing Stephen should do? Was there anything he should have done prior to capsizing?

(To Be Continued)

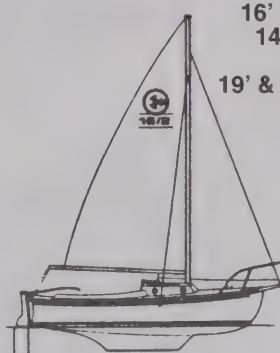
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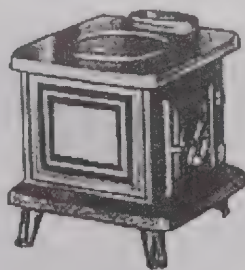
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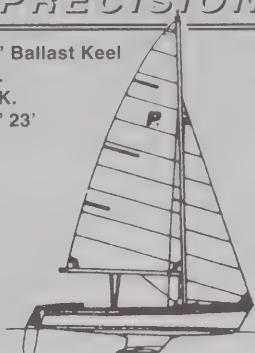
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# Project Oriented

By Don Rodgers



Panel layout.

Setup on horses.



Taped and glued.



I retired from teaching in June of 1998, and since then have discovered that I am happiest when I have a project I am working on. Late last summer found me without one and without much money to invest in one even if I had it. In time I decided to build Bolger's Payson Perogue. It would not cost a lot and would be fun to do.

This would be my third boatbuilding project. The first in 1989 was a Bolger Teal, and the second, in 1998, a PK78 designed by Mertens-Goosens. As it turned out, building the Perogue was fun and kept me engrossed for several months. The result was pretty and weighed in at 40lb. That is heavier than I'd hoped for, but it weighed what it weighed and there was nothing to be done about it.

Now I had a 13' perogue/canoe, and once again, no project in the works. I did have though, a small trolling motor. In putting all of that together my little boat went into its first transformation. I built in a bulkhead, a motorwell and a battery box up forward. I used a small 12v scooter battery that weighed 25lb. I ran wires back to a junction box via PVC pipe painted to match the boat. I steered, controlled speed and direction by using a tiller extension over my shoulder as I sat on a boat cushion in the boat. All of that worked pretty well even though it looked a little awkward. And, it kept me busy, happy, off the streets and out of trouble for another period of time.

Now I had a 13' perogue/canoe with an electric trolling motor in a well, and, again, no project in the works. What to do now? It bothered me that my boat wasn't an "electric boat". It was, to me, a boat with an electric motor clamped onto it. At that time I had been spending a lot of time studying Douglas Little's book, *Electric Boats*. I had been considering building "Sam", an electric boat Little describes the building of in his book. I, however, wasn't ready to start all over again. I didn't want to go back to square one just yet. So, even though the boat I had just completed was smaller and not as rugged as Little's design, I decided on my boat's next transformation, that of becoming a true electric boat.

I ordered a 34lb Motor Guide electric trolling motor, cut it up and mounted it permanently in the boat. The motor well was given a 1-1/2" bottom and became a motor box. I designed and installed steering linkage. I built a steering tiller, a speed control knob and a new battery box for a real deep cycle marine battery that weighs in at 53lb. I built in a seat/chair with arm rests. I moved all wiring from the starboard side to the port. I wanted all the controls on my left, leaving my right hand free to do whatever I wished to do. I tore off the original skeg and built a large, sweeping, weed-protecting one. It has laminations for strength and a removable end in case I ever have to drop the motor out of the boat. The main ideas for most, if not all of these modifications, came from Little's book.

This project was a lot of fun. I really enjoyed it. The boat looks good, runs well and calls for no further transformations.

Now I have a 13' electric canoe. And while I have no project in the works at the moment, I soon will have. I want an electric boat large enough for two people to camp on for a couple of days and that will have the capacity to run for 8 or so hours between charges. Today I mailed a check for \$25 to Jim Michalak for a set of plans for "Electron", an 18' x 5' electric cuddly cruiser he has designed. It looks good. I'm excited. Another project right around the corner!

Interior gunwales and thwarts.

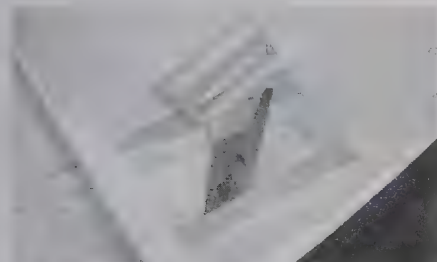






Finished.

## Transformation #1

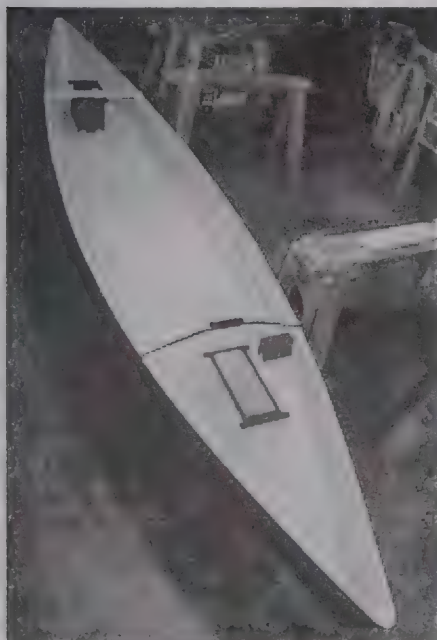


Cutting hole in bottom.



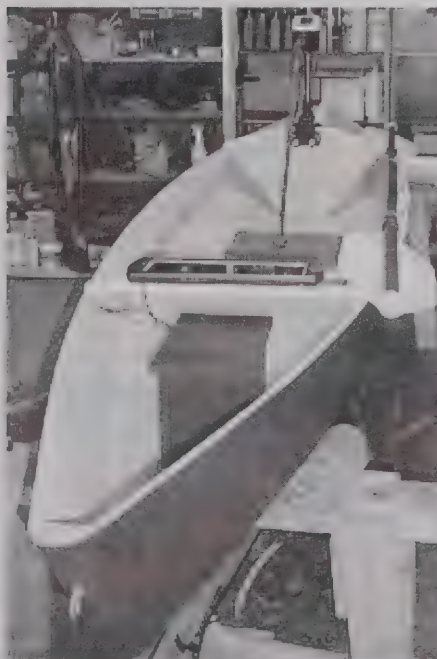
Setting up the motor well.

Motor well has a box as a filler when the trolling motor is not being used.



That's a tall motor there in place.

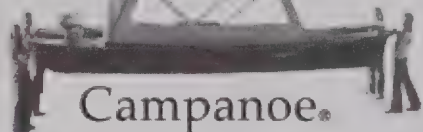
Solar panel will keep battery charged when it's not being used.



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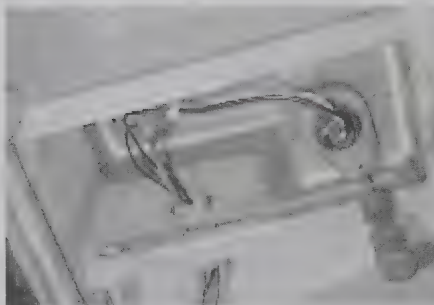
## Transformation #2



Motor well being closed off.



1-1/8" copper pipe to accept 1" Motor Guide shaft ala Douglas Little's instructions.



Wiring running forward to controls, steering cam held in place with ice pick.

Steering tiller. Linkage shown was later not used.



Steering linkage mockup.



Speed and forward/reverse control removed from trolling motor head.



The trolling motor tiller shaft that originally protruded forward on the motor was cut off and now sticks up into the circular control knob.

The arrow on the control knob mounting plate indicates neutral location on the knob's dial strip which came off the tiller of motor.



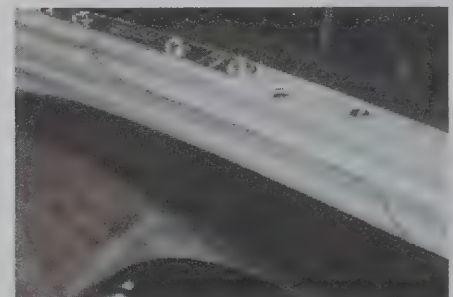
Double wooden nickels cap the shaft holes.



Laminating the lower edge of the skeg.



Drywall screws driven through nuts and washers temporarily fasten the laminated skeg shoe to the skeg.

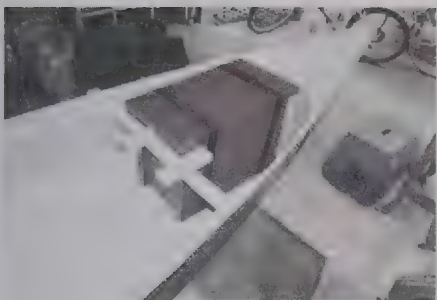


The tail end of the skeg shoe is removeable along line of gasket material.

The finished skeg in place.







New battery box in place. Partly hidden behind it is a round buoy attached to 100' of 1/4" line in case the boat sinks. I don't know if it would or not.

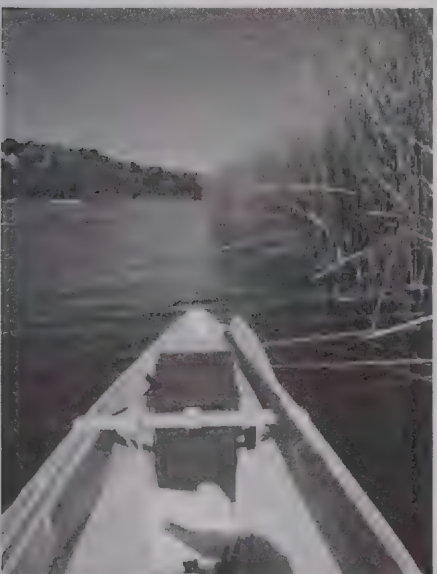


The seat does not fit well, the bottom section needs to be about 4" longer.



Finished.

Heading out on maiden voyage, a one hour ten minute circumnavigation of Lafayette Reservoir. Patrick's ten minute tryout made a total of 80 minutes drawdown on the battery which used 25% of its charge.



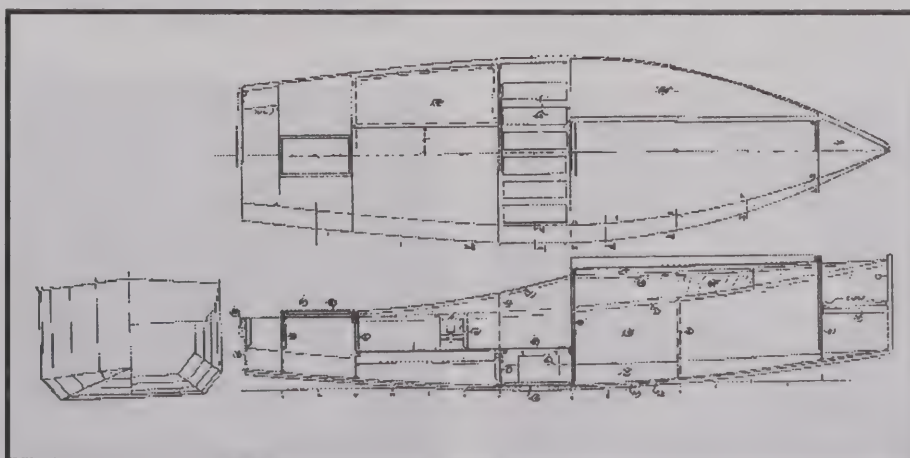
Cartopper electric boat ready for maiden voyage.



My neighbor Patrick enjoying an outing on Lafayette Reservoir in Lafayette, California.

## Next Project

Jim Michalak's Electron electric cuddy boat design, 18' x 5', 900lbs empty.







Three of Richard Webb's 12" models in the UK which inspired my Footy idea.

What started me thinking, was Englishman Richard Webb's 12" sailing model yachts, and their races in a plastic lined pool on the sands of Weymouth in the United Kingdom, a story that I picked up, contacted the builder and used in the April issue of my own model yachting publication, *Windling World*\*.

Even earlier than that, I had merely mentioned it in the previous issue, and this had resulted in a flurry of building activity among our own Ancient Mariners' fleet, heightened by my announcement of a rather long fun race for such boats, down a long and at times narrow feeder canal, into a smaller pond and then into the larger pond used by our group, a race to be held annually on the first Thursday of April.

With an absolute minimum of rules, only that boats were to be monohulled with a deck measurement not exceeding one foot in length, and be controlled by radio, the New Zealand Footy Class was born. Their emergence makes several statements I think, firstly that model yachting is perhaps coming of age whereby grown men have shed any inhibitions they might have had about being too old to build, and then play around with, model boats in a public arena, let alone little ones a foot long; secondly that it is highly possible to fit modern radio control into a craft of that size, albeit with considerable planning and ingenu-

## Foot Long Monohull Called "Footy"

### New Zealand Minimalist Approach

By Mark Steele

ity; and thirdly, that model yachting is far from limited to larger size models and ideal ponds or lakes. The simple fact is, one can have fun and add a spice of retrieved boyhood adventure and lighthearted competitive spirit if one dares. I suppose there is a measure of truth to what I have been saying for a long time, it all gets back to the right attitude.

As I write this, some thirteen to fifteen Footy Class boats have been built, and several more are under construction: Hardly an Ancient Mariners' Thursday sailing day goes by without evidence of new boats being tried on the pond prior to the appearance of the larger models, and hulls being shown around for comment and helpful suggestion. As the instigator, I find my telephone rings often with calls from people outside of Auckland, one even from Western Australia, asking for guidelines about these little boats called Footy. That in itself certainly makes a statement about how fast news spreads these days.

I believe also, that the concept might in time just have appeal to youngsters, particularly those in Auckland who are enthused by yachting and all the activity surrounding the next America's Cup series, though let me temper that by saying that even with RC on steering only, there is still an equipment cost that is not cheap.

What is surprising to me, is how different the various boats completed to date actually are. No two are alike and many seen so far, not only sail well, but are engineering masterpieces in their own right, good enough to be mounted on the wall or mantelpiece with their slotted in stability keels removed, until their next use. Sloops aplenty, a catboat, a beautiful NZ mullety or mullet boat, and a ketch on the build, best of all, enthusiasm with eyes that light up, and smiling faces.

At the moment, just in case anyone wonders, whereas almost all of the boats in Auckland have been owner designed and built (ie. no plans exist), there are two available for purchase, one in UK, the other in Victoria, Australia. *My Boy Sam*, drawings and styrene sheets for the hull (or thin ply can be used for the hulls and just the drawings purchased) are available from Richard C. Webb, The Scale Model Boat Yard, Carvalho, Upper Moors Road, Brambridge, Eastleigh SO50 6HW, United Kingdom, <richard@webbz.freemove.co.uk>. The *Barry Cat*: drawings for a foot-long catboat are available from the designer, Barry Gibson, 55 George St., Newtown, Victoria, Australia.

In typical America's Cup fashion, March 1st will see the Footys race over the course for the Huey Writ-On (pottery, drinking) Cup, and a month later on April 5, the *Windling World* sponsored Beyond to the Pond main event will take place.

I think it will be fun if nothing else, and I may be wrong, but I also have a gut feeling that the Footy concept will grow, particularly with occasional fun racing around the buoys whenever the minimalist bug bites, and one wants a change. You can also stick one fully rigged on the front or back seat of the car, to be there just in case you suddenly feel like a wee sail.

Little things have a way of biting and provoking a reaction, do they not?

\*Mark publishes his little magazine, *Windling World*, thrice yearly. Typically it is a 28 page 5-1/2" x 8-1/2" size black and white production, nicely done with many good photos. It projects an aura of comfortable enjoyment of building and sailing model yachts. Mark can be reached at 42 Trinidad Rd., Forrest Hill, Auckland, New Zealand.

Three Footys seen at our Ancient Mariners' Thursday evening sail.







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After reading Mr. Tolman's views on our Double Eagle design in the January 1 issue, we decided to call him in Alaska to ask for the particular causes of his strongly-held concerns, rather than issuing a poignant Bolger two-liner (I'm incapable of that, S.A.). Since Phil prefers me to make the calls, he intensely dislikes phones, I finally connected with Homer Alaska.

Mr. Tolman repeated his perspective in language stronger than he had in print.

Mr. Tolman was advised that indeed we were talking about a Florida boat for a client who in light of prior experience was interested in this particular twin OB installation.

The Alaskan Double Eagle is being built by an Alaskan making his living off Alaskan saltwater for most of the year. Once finished she'll most likely be powered by 24hp inboard on a single larger prop as a business proposition. Should the pocketbook allow, more power yet is always conceivable.

We discussed how experienced clients tend to have a good sense as to what will work for them in their region and their budget. One Double Eagle version currently under consideration for instance will have a single 40-60hp inboard diesel to match yet another user-profile.

Mr. Tolman conveyed how his clients were diverse as well in their approach to boating as most would use his designs properly while some would abuse them to physical destruction.

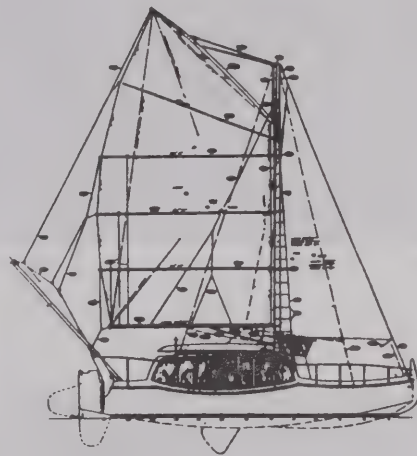
We discussed at length how, to hard-core salt-water traditionalists a few decades ago, the idea of building and using in Alaska salt-water plywood skiffs powered by mere outboards would have been cause for great concern about the fishermen's, divers', sightse-

I would like to respond to Renn Tolman's recent letter concerning the Bolger Double Eagle design. First I think he confused the two Double Eagle designs. I live in southeast Alaska and am building the original Double Eagle with the yawl boat or push boat propulsion system. My boat was described in the September and October issues of *MAIB* in 1998. The second generation Double Eagle uses the two outboards and no push boat and will live on the east coast of the U.S. The power for my boat is either a 25hp engine-outdrive combination with 2:1 reduction and a 15" prop or a 50hp high thrust outboard. Either one is sufficient to push Double Eagle as fast as I want to go.

I have lived in southeast Alaska for 46 years (I'm 48) and I have been involved with boats of one kind or another for 40 of those years. Currently I am a professional captain for the National Park Service and a certified boating instructor for the Department of Inte-

## Bolger on Design

### Mr. Tolman's One-Two Punch



ers' safety in such craft in such waters.

There is no point competing with weather war-stories. New England has a typically smoother continental weathershore with north-easters, hurricane paths, and the occasional "perfect storm" wreaking havoc to keep folks from being complacent. Living aboard afloat in 1994, we enjoyed walking about the marina on 12+'' of solid saltwater around *Reso-*

*lution*, while two winters later we dealt, like everyone else, with 17 snow-storms and 102+'' of snow accumulating around her hauled hull.

Alaska (which particular part actually?) has broad ranges of exposure levels from hourly changes in the Bering Strait to more predictable conditions behind barrier islands, resulting in local boat-type preferences no doubt different between Panhandle, Bristol Bay, Dutch Harbor and the Northshore, with each builder possibly insisting on having the "true Alaskan type".

In response to Mr. Tolman's expressed concern that important gear was absent, I pointed out that *Tahiti* actually had a stout anchor-winch eminently useable no matter how bouncy the foredeck, that Double Eagle was able to carry serious double ground tackle on her central spine, again with comparatively secure location away from her pitching bows.

Our *Resolution* has two 75lb CQRs readily deployable off her catheads plus other smaller types. Frequently we oversize anchor-gear and cathead dimensions on designs to allow for good brakes with onlookers smirking at the hardware's bulk. Even our electric launch, 15' *Lily*, carries an 18lb Danforth. And Alaska Double Eagle is to live on an exposed mooring and therefore has a tabernacled mast to readily reduce her drag to a fraction unattended in a blow, not many bridges to shoot up there.

After using stout language in print, based on some clear misunderstandings glancing at our design column, I proposed to re-examine the articles and boats in question, and perhaps, as a matter of courtesy, to express his altered perspectives in print as well.

If Mr. Tolman had been harangued he'd know it.

## About Double Eagle From the Builder

In response to Mr. Tolman's letters of January 1 and March 1 of this year in which he decries Bolger "sending a man into Alaskan waters to death by grounding" I would like say this, no one is sending me anywhere. OK the Park Service does send me places but I don't think Tolman would consider the park service boat I operate underpowered, far from it.

My own boats have been sailboats or rowboats and I understand what a well found boat is and I have long experience with the weather conditions in southeast Alaska. Engine size is a often debated topic with any boat.

I even know of capable, experienced sailors who do not have engines but have the skills and ground tackle to operate safely. Every boat is an assembly of compromises and I'll grant that some have been compromised into something to be avoided.

The choice of auxiliary power in a sailboat, though, can cover a range of choices from no power to a motor sailor. The deciding factors are skills of the captain, mechanical systems like ground tackle, what kinds of challenges the owner wants and environmental considerations. Even in Alaska a choice to use minimal power on a sailboat is the knowledgeable owner's right and not an automatic sentence to death.

Readers might be interested in viewing my website, [www.thegreatsea.homestead.com](http://www.thegreatsea.homestead.com). It shows progress on Double Eagle, Bolger's Skillygalee design and a Chapelle scow sloop.

Fritz Koschmann, Gustavus, AK



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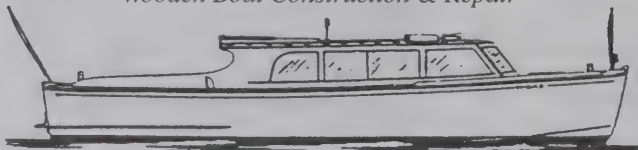
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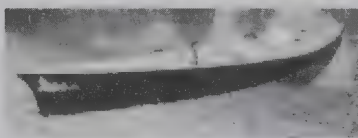
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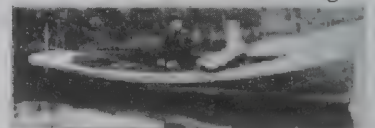
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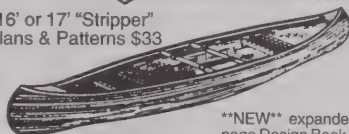
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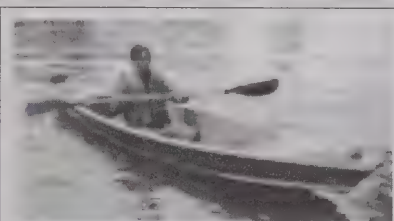
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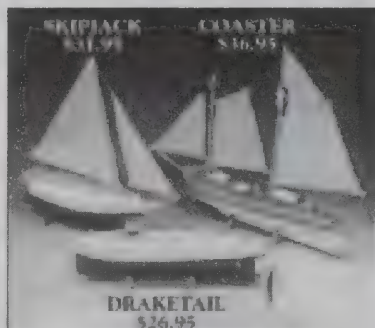
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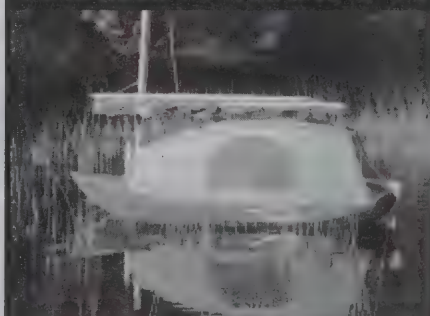
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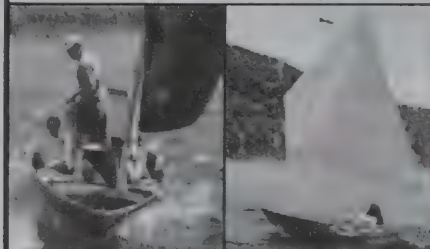


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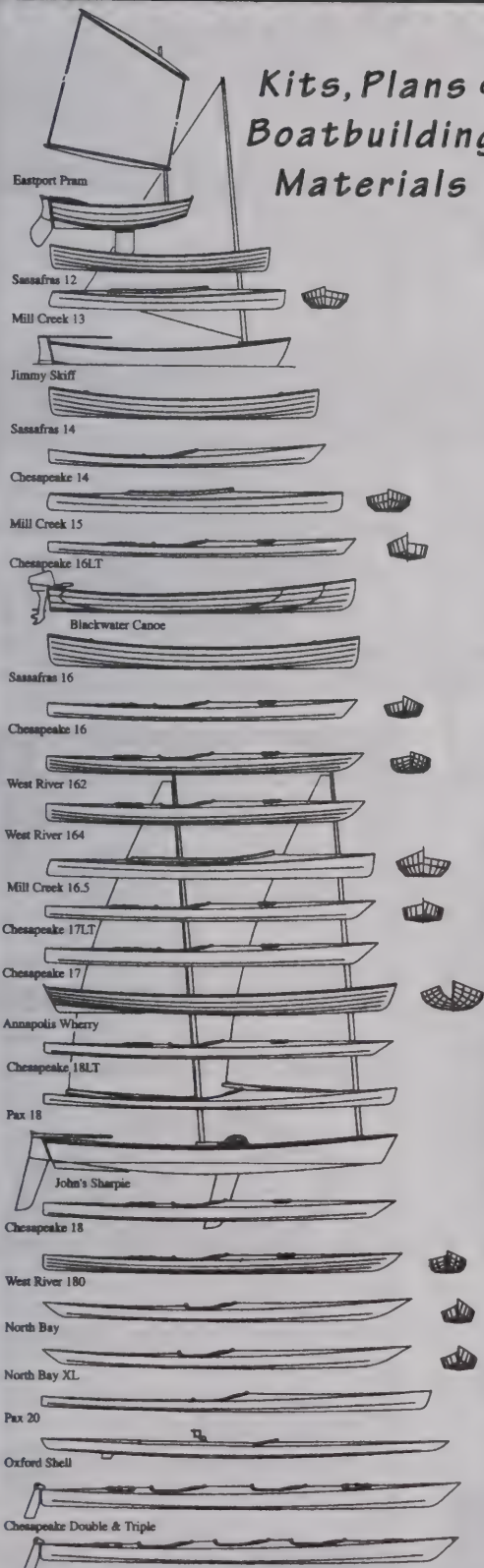
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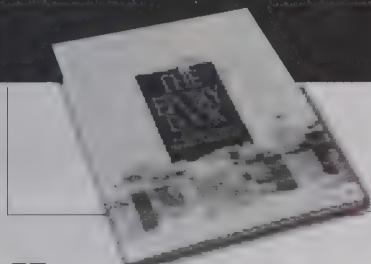
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**Tremolino Trimaran**, 23' Dick Newick design. 2 sets sails, spinnaker, 2hp OB, galv trlr. \$3,500. GERALD KUFNER, Rheinbeck, NY, (845) 876-8718, <gskufner@hotmail.com> (24)



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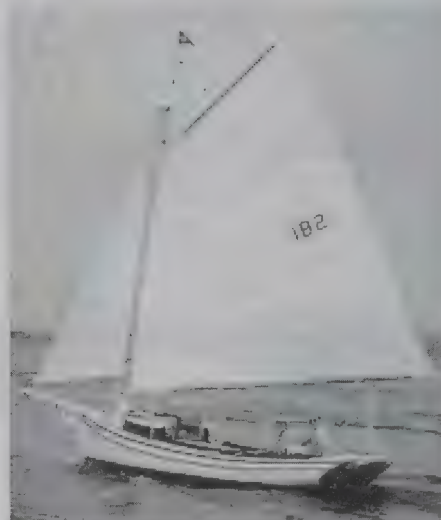
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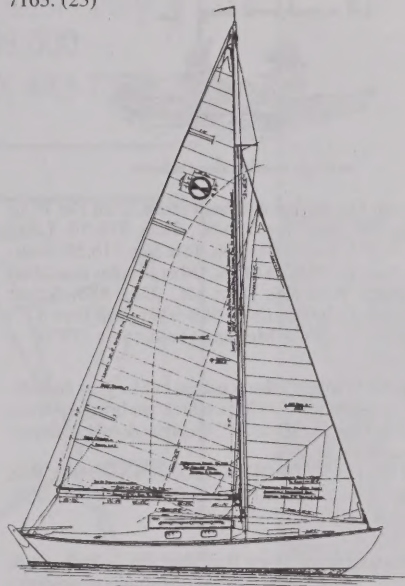
**MacGregor 26X**, '97 w/Honda 50hp OB, trlr w/brakes, boom vang, cockpit cushions, compass, depth sounder, transom ladder, mast raising gear, stove, bimini, topping lift, AM/FM/CD/VHF, steering bar. \$21,500. BOB KNESE, 554 Mott Rd., Duaneburg, NY 12056, (518) 356-2518, <Bobknese@excite.com> (23)

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**20' Grumman Guide Model Canoe**, \$450. JOHN SULLIVAN, E. Walpole, MA, (508) 668-7163. (23)



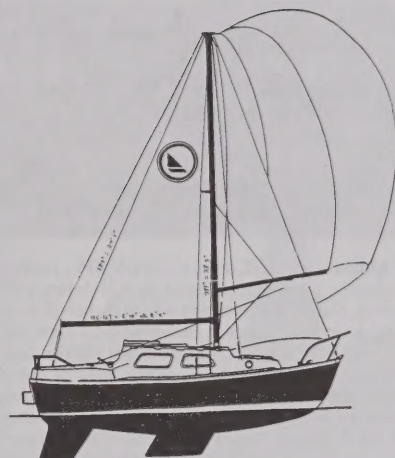
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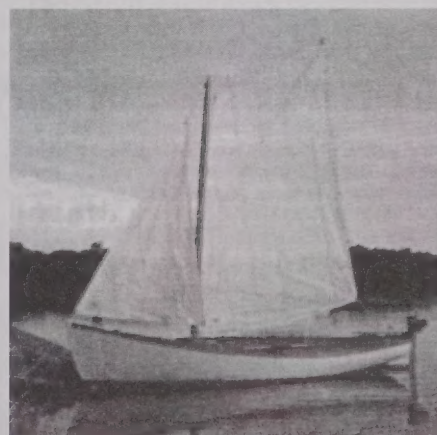
**17' MFG Tri Hull**, walk thru windshield, w/running 75hp Evinrude OB w/electric sattr. Have boat title. Nds work, too many projects. \$950, or \$1,500 w/trlr, OBO. JOEL PETERSON, E. Falmouth, MA, (508) 540-2962. (23)



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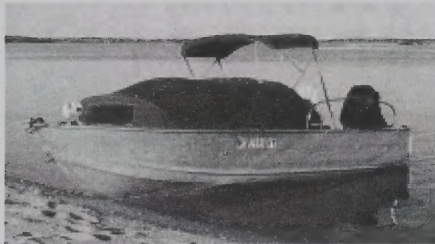


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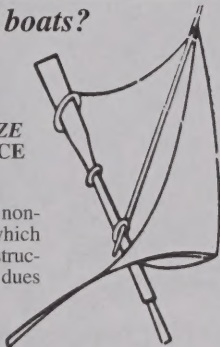
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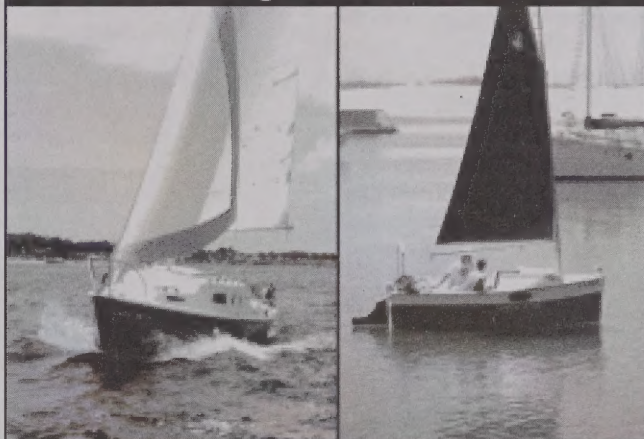
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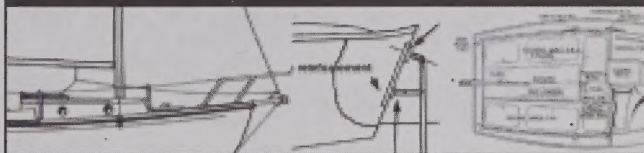
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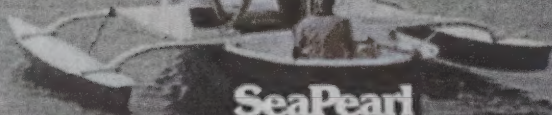
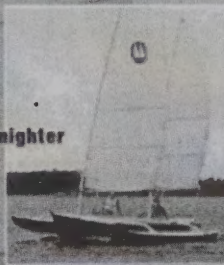
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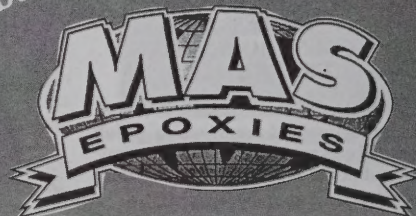
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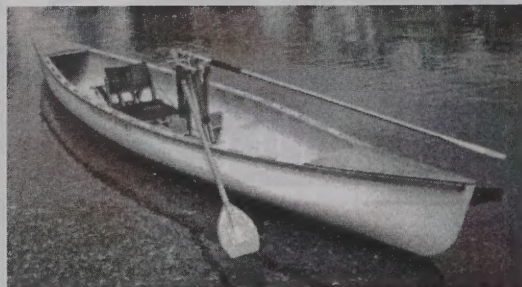
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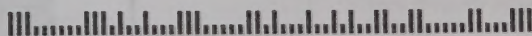
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